

The American Girl



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A mystery serial

Adventure stories

Heroism stories

A Girl Scout story

Nine Camping features

A Treasure Hunt

Puzzles

Stunts



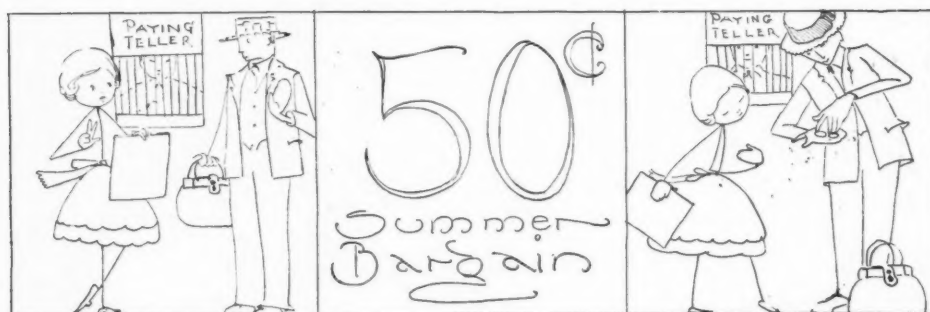
Well, well, Gladima! *What are you up to now?*



Gladima Scout reads that any Girl Scout may subscribe 5 months for 50c. Ha, an inspiration!

GLADIMA: Good morning, Mrs. Tweedle—have you heard that your daughter may get *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for the price of only five ice cream sodas?

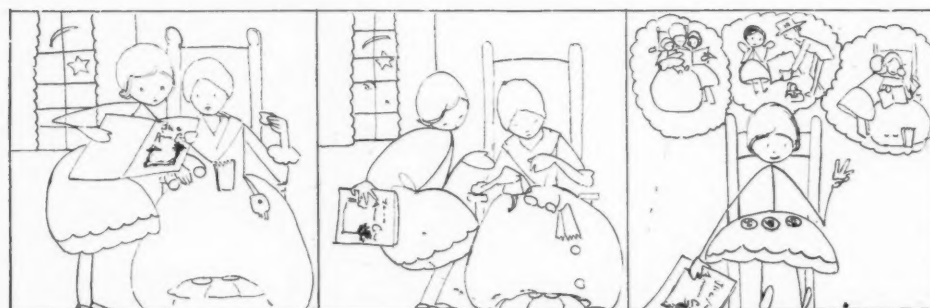
MRS. TWEEDLE: You don't mean it! Here's money this minute. Mary'll enjoy that magazine so much, she'll forget the heat.



GLADIMA: Good afternoon, Mr. Dee—have you heard your niece may have *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for 5 months at the price of two movies?

50c

MR. DEE: You don't say so! I'll subscribe for her, myself. One of these stories is equal to two movies, at least!



GLADIMA: Good evening, Grandma Dum. Look at this magazine; 50c. is all it will cost for your granddaughter.

GRANDMA DUM: Dear! Dear! I do like my bags of peppermints. But here's the money. Janey must have that magazine.

GLADIMA: Tweedle-Dee-Dum — three good turns and every one of 'em a surprise!

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Published at 670 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Girl Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, *Editor*

ALICE WALLER, *Business Manager*

Vol. VIII

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Our August Contents

Poetry and Art

- Cover Design Jessie Gillespie
The Stars (Poem) Sara Teasdale 4
Design by Frances Waller

Stories

- A Ship Comes In Nell Gilbert 5
Illustrations by Douglas Ryan
The Lame Duck Maud Mary Brown 8
Illustrations by Agnes C. Lehman
Lucky Penny (a Girl Scout Mystery Serial)
(Fourth Installment) Edith Ballinger Price 11
Illustrations by the author
Bridgit Comes Home (a Girl Scout
Story) Birdsall Otis Edey 14
Illustrations by Ethel C. Taylor
'Fraid Cat Margaret Marshall Harris 17
Illustrations by Erick Berry

Girl Scout Pictures

- Girl Scout Dramatics of Every Kind 26-27

Girl Scout Articles

- Buried Treasure (a Pirate Treasure
Hunt) Mary Littlefield 13
Stunts for Your Camp-Fire Oleda Schrottky 19
Design by Ila McAfee

Merit Badge Pages

- Forest Notes (Musician) George M. Newell 20
Design by Erick Berry
Our Little Workshop in the Woods (Craftsman) . 21
Stars of a Summer Night
(Star Finder) Bertha Chapman Cady 22
The Beholder (Naturalist) By Girl Scouts 23

Help Yourself for Your Troop

- Girl Scout News from Everywhere 24

Other Pages of Interest

- Puzzles 25



The Stars Declare

that without fail September will bring you

The Capture

a story that has in it the following:

"One terrifying thought after another rushed through Jeanne's mind as she watched her brother go down the steep steps toward the secret passageway. Suppose he did meet a spy down there in the darkness, what could he do? He stopped. . . ."

The Lone Scout Who Was Not Lonely

By JANE ABBOTT

With this—"The shining rails had spread! She knew in an instant the danger that meant to Train No. 31, due in half an hour. . . . She looked wildly about, then turned from the horror of the canyon gaping below her. . . . There was none within three miles to send with a warning. Only herself, a useless lame girl. . . ."

Besides

More Stunts—More Puzzles—Woodsy Handicraft
—a New Girl Scout Song and a Popular Game.

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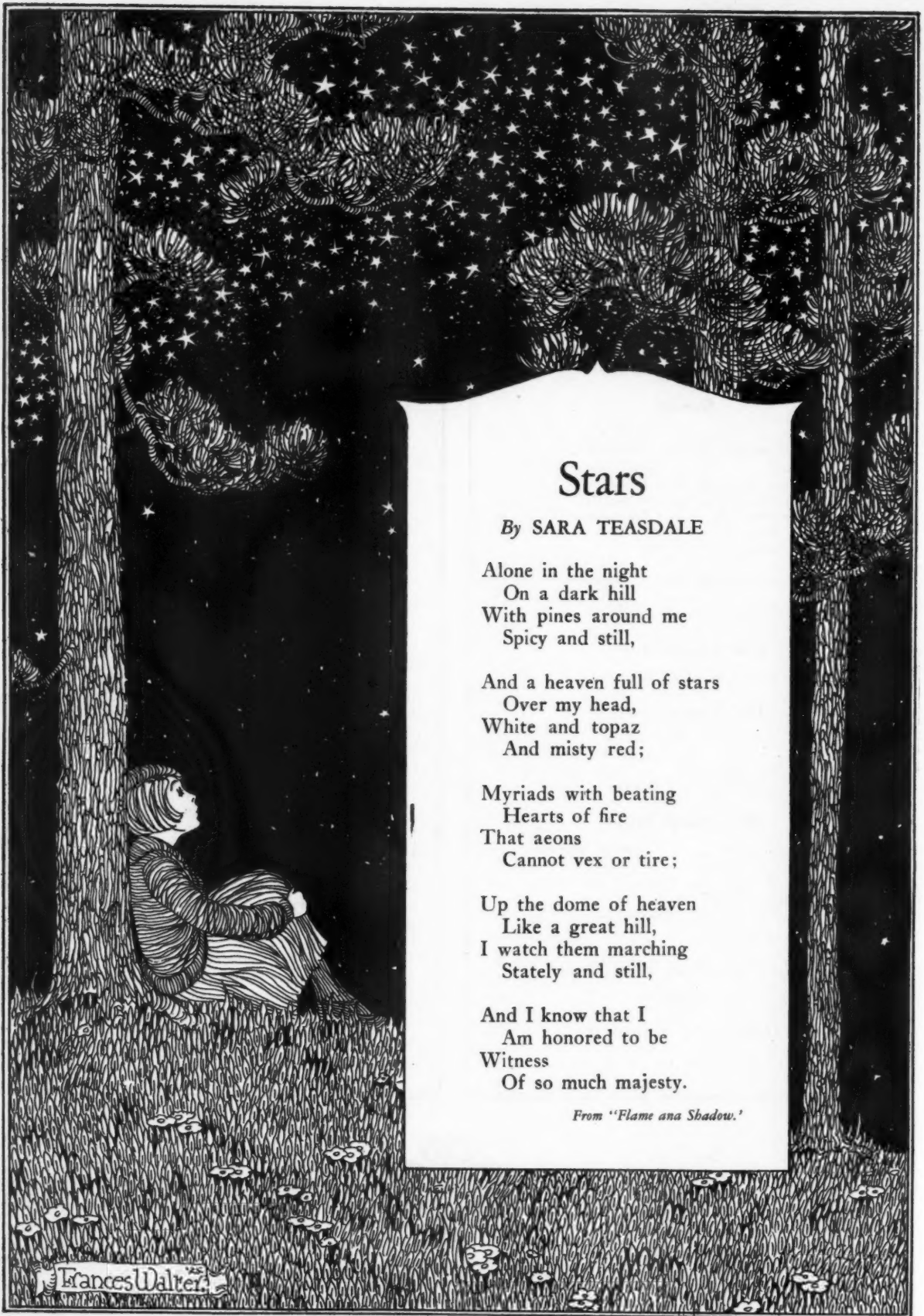
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Stars

By SARA TEASDALE

Alone in the night
On a dark hill
With pines around me
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars
Over my head,
White and topaz
And misty red;

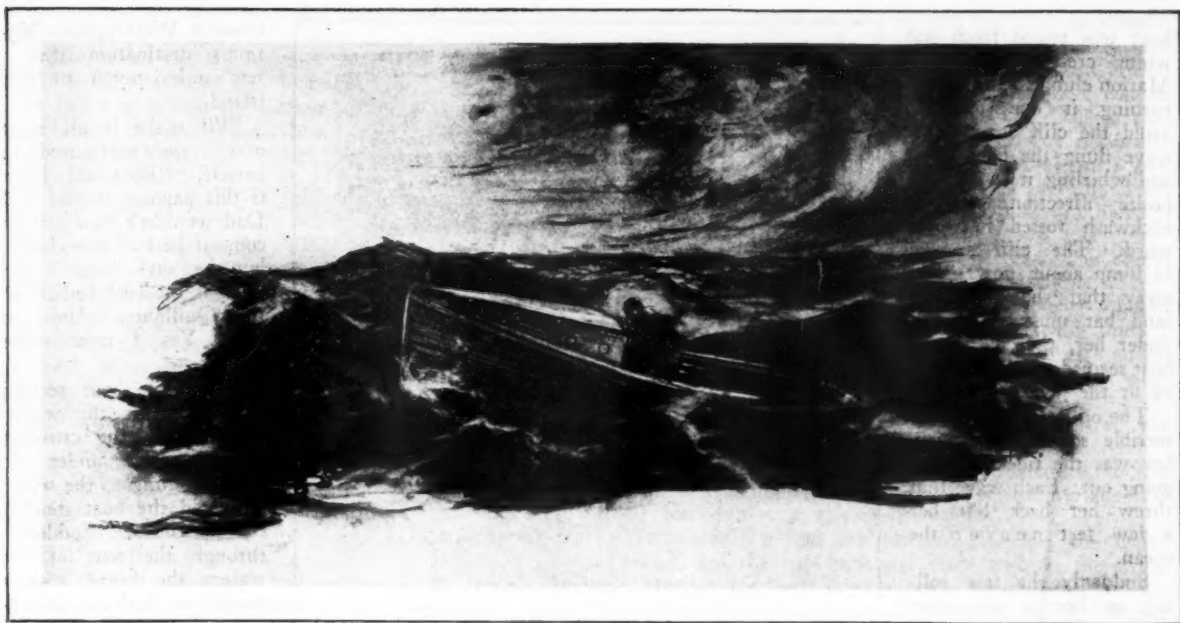
Myriads with beating
Hearts of fire
That aeons
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven
Like a great hill,
I watch them marching
Stately and still,

And I know that I
Am honored to be
Witness
Of so much majesty.

From "Flame and Shadow."

Frances Walter



The only element in this terrible sea that did help her was the tide

A Ship Comes In

WHY, Sal, what's the matter?" Marion McKay stopped in the door-way of the little hut. An old Indian woman squatted in one corner of the single room trying to quiet a fretting baby, and the despairing eyes she turned on the young girl were those of a much-suffering creature for whom even hope was now dying slowly.

"Papoose sick. John up river," said the Indian woman. "Oh, Sal!" Marion exclaimed sympathetically, crossing the room. "How long has he been this way?"

"Yesterday, last night, today. He goin' to die," Sal answered in a dull monotone.

"No, he mustn't die," the girl cried out. "What would John do if the boy should die while he was up the river?"

"John, he beat me," was the expressionless reply.

"Yes, you're right," meditatively. "John did that when the other papooses died. Poor old John, he never would brace up if this one died."

"This boy papoose. Others girls."

"Oh, yes. He just must live." The girl walked nervously across the room and stood looking out the window at the bleak scene before her. A strong wind had begun to blow and the few low, sturdy pine trees which had survived previous gales from the ocean were now bending and twisting in an attempt to resist the wind. A heavy gust suddenly shook the little hut. Marion turned away from the window and started toward the door.

"If I hurry," she said, "I may be able to get there before it storms."

"Where you goin'?" The Indian woman was anxious.

"After the doctor." Marion was determined.

*It was only an old, drifting scow
yet it changed Marion McKay's
whole life*

By NELL GILBERT

Illustrations by Douglas Ryan

"You no go this wind," Sal protested looking at the creaking door.

"Yes, I can." The girl was hastily getting into a large rubber coat which she had taken off when she came in. "I'll be there before the wind gets bad."

Marion opened the door and slipped out into the strong wind which was giving every evidence of becoming a gale. She glanced around, lowered her head, and ran the short distance to her own home. She hastily put on a heavier coat, then ran down to the river and out on the small dock where her father's motorboat was tied.

She unfastened the boat, started the engine, and guided the small craft down the river. Heavy waves rolled in from the ocean. They lifted the little boat into the air and dropped it back again with a motion somewhat pleasant but sinister. Marion knew that the power of these waves would be infinitely stronger when she once reached the ocean.

A few yards further down the river the white waves rushed toward her like devouring monsters, only to break into huge spray on the sand bar that almost blocked the river. She grasped the wheel and kept her eyes steadily on the narrow space between the end of the white, breaking waves and the straight, rocky cliff. She must steer into the channel right—not too close to the huge black rock nor too near the sand bar.

In the channel the heavy waves rushed at her with increasing force. They, too, seemed to be trying to avoid the sand bar and the cliff in their mad gallop into the river, and were angered at anything opposing them. The small

boat was tossed from one white crest to another. Marion clung to the wheel, turning it one way to avoid the cliff as a heavy wave flung the boat back, and whirling it in the opposite direction as the backwash tossed her forward. The cliff seemed to jump about, now so far away that she knew the sand bar must be almost under her, then her small boat seemed to be surrounded by the jagged rocks.

The only element in this terrible sea that did help her was the tide that was going out. Each wave that threw her back left her a few feet nearer the ocean.

Suddenly she saw rolling at her a monstrous wave. She braced herself firmly—risked a glance at the cliff—saw it was almost on top of her again, and turned the boat directly away from it, toward the sand bar.

"That wave is too big to leave me stranded on the bar," she thought.

It came. It lifted the little boat on the white foamy crest as it would a piece of sea-weed. Marion grasped the wheel, her white face set desperately in the direction of the sand bar. The big wave rushed on under her. The boat slid down into the deep, green trough. The wave rushed back, angry at the repelling cliff, lifted the small boat in its terrible, crushing arms, fell from under it with a roar—and left the girl firmly grounded into the sand bar.

As if satisfied now, the waves seemed calmer. They still rolled in and broke on the bar, splashing the girl with cold spray, but they no longer had much force. Marion watched anxiously for another large wave—it was her only chance to get afloat.

Then she heard a pounding roar, turned toward the ocean and saw a second towering wave almost upon her. She clung to the wheel and braced herself to meet the monster. The boat was carried into the air, up, up, in a sea of white foam, then dropped down into a trough of dark, rushing waters—then up again, but soon the small motor seemed to have a will of its own, and Marion found herself off the bar and in the open sea.

Out on the choppy waves of the ocean the small boat struggled desperately. At times it almost stood on end, then leaped forward into the very middle of a mountainous, villainous wave which fell on it with the force of a boulder from the nearby cliffs. The young girl held the wheel firmly, exerting all the strength of her fifteen years to keep the boat headed straight.

Dark clouds were rolling low overhead, but down on the western horizon there was a faint streak of light. It was encouraging to the girl. Several miles to the south and west the dreaded Destruction Island showed dimly against the light—Destruction Island—an appropriately descriptive name given to a jagged rock which menaces men and craft on the wild, ragged coast of north-



Marion

western Washington. Marion's destination was a few miles north of this island.

"I'll make it all right now," she murmured to herself. "Poor old John, if this papoose should die! Dad wouldn't have let me come if he had been home, but he says himself old John is the best Indian on the Quillaute. And old Sal! Yes, I must make it."

The little boat seemed to bounce on the water. A succession of crushing waves broke under it. Marion clung to the wheel and held the boat steadily to its course. Suddenly, through the roar of the waters she heard a new sound—a rhythmic thumping. Was she too near the cliffs?

The thumping grew louder. A large, black shadow seemed to spring at her. She turned the wheel to escape it, looked up and saw topping a wave a few yards from her a huge, evil-looking object. A wave lifted it almost on end and she saw it was a

heavy lumber scow. It wavered for a moment. Which way would it fall? The thing tottered on the crest of the wave, then fell backward, away from the girl, but the wave had left it closer than it had been. It was moving rapidly for such a heavy thing. She tried to get out of its path, but it was not resisting the sea as the small boat was, and Marion saw it get closer and closer after each heavy wave.

It was impossible to get ahead of the big scow. There was only one thing to do—aim for the open sea! Could she turn the boat? The strong current resisted every effort. She was desperate—she *must* turn it! She grasped the wheel firmly and held the boat in the direction of the open sea. A heavy wave rolled under her—flung the small boat up into the spray, then pulled it down into a deep trough.

The wave rolled on. It lifted the heavy scow upon the white crest. The scow balanced, seemingly alive and waiting to pounce down on the little boat to crush the life from it. Marion let the wheel go and trusted to the current of the tide. The boat was lifted out of the trough and up to the crest of another wave. The big scow fell with the roar of a hungry beast into the empty trough.

She finally headed the boat toward the open sea. The small craft was easy to manage now—much too easy. But better chance it with the open sea than certain destruction by the old scow. She could still hear the roaring and pounding made by the scow as it was thrust up into the air by the waves, then back into a deep trough. She noticed, however, that the pounding was getting further off.

Marion braced herself and exerted all her thought in keeping the wheel steady. It was a terrible wheel—it burned into her hands even through her thick gloves.

It seemed against her, too. She gave a little sob. No! She wouldn't give up! She grasped the wheel again. She was determined she would make it!

She lifted her head and looked at the shore. It was a bit closer now, and the distant scattered lights flickered cheerfully. She watched them steadily—desperately—and held the boat on a straight line with the lights as the welcome goal.

2.

"Marion! Why child! How on earth did you get here?"

The doctor had jumped to his feet at the sudden gust of wind which swept the room as the door opened. Then he saw the slight figure in the long rubber ulster topped by short red curls glistening as the tardy evening sun lit up the room through the open door-way. She leaned wearily against the door post.

"Come, child. Come over by the fire. How did you ever get here in this sea?"

"In the boat," was the practical answer in a faint voice. "But," making a visible effort to brace up, "you must come right back with me, Doctor. Old John's papoose is sick and you must save him."

"Old John's papoose!" indignantly, as he forced her toward the deep chair in front of the blazing fire. "Do you mean to tell me you risked your life in the sea for a no-good Siwash's worthless papoose?"

"John isn't no good," the voice was not faint now and the kinship to the red hair was evident. "You know, Doctor, as well as I do, that if old John hadn't spent his summers working for Dad without pay that I couldn't have stayed at school. And old Sal did her part too. You know Dad never could have hired a

man and have still been able to send me away to school."

"John couldn't see why I should cry so much because I thought I couldn't go to school—he said he had always tried to run away from school—but just because I wanted to go he has given his summers to helping Dad so that I could go. He may be only a Siwash, but not many men, white or red, would give away half a year's pay. John's up the river and if he came back and found his papoose dead I think he would go out and kill himself. You must come back with me."

Marion was sitting bolt upright in her chair, her cheeks flushed and her eyes raised defiantly to the doctor's.

"So," the doctor replied with an air of weighty thought but with a twinkle in his eyes. "So, you really think I should risk my life out on this angry ocean to give an insignificant young Siwash a chance to suffer in this cold, cruel world?"

Angry tears stood in the girl's eyes. "But Doctor," she began seriously, "old John has had so many die. Oh!" she ended indignantly as the twinkle extended to the mouth. "You intended to go all the time," and she suddenly leaned back in the chair.

With sundown and the turn of the tide, the waves subsided, and the trip back was made without the struggle Marion had had going down. At the door of the little hut, old Sal met them without any visible evidence of her relief at seeing the doctor.

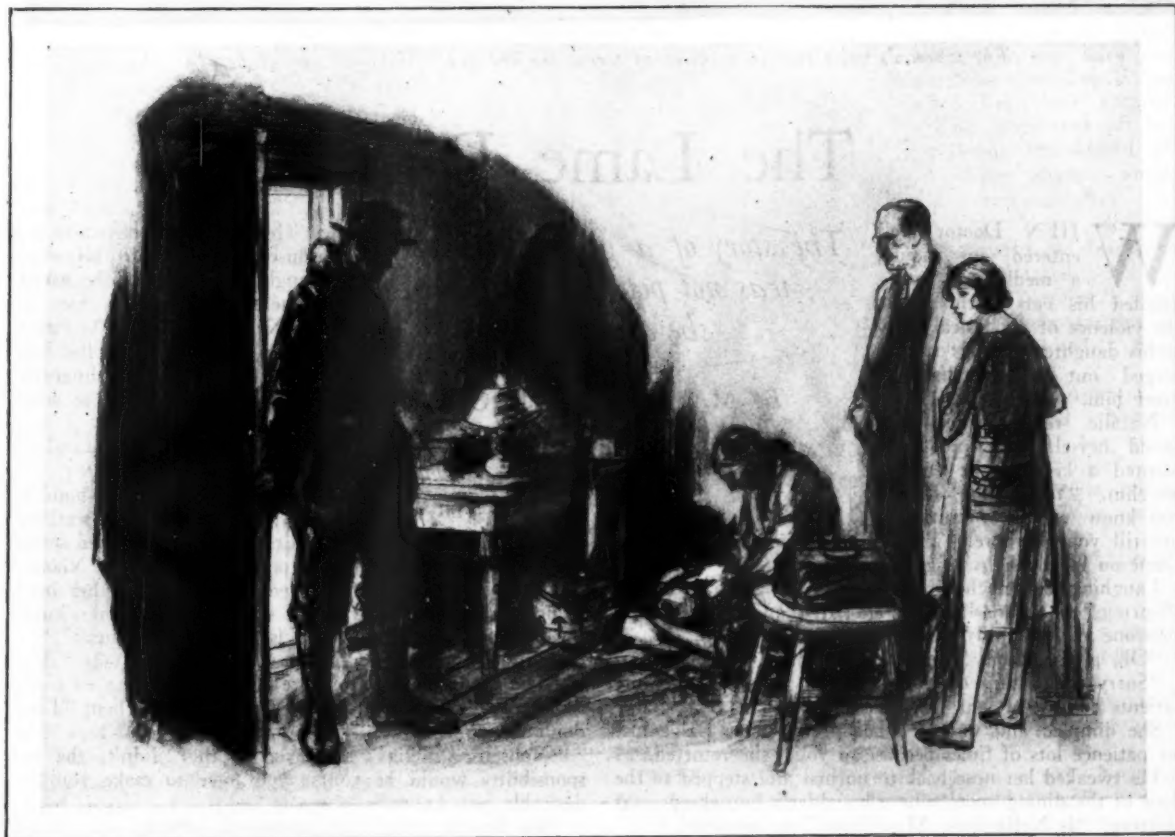
"Is he any better?" the girl asked as they entered the little shack.

"Hm," grunted Sal, "he still alive."

"Over here, Doctor," Marion directed, leading the way to a dark corner of the room.

She and old Sal stood anxiously by the doctor while he

(Continued on page 35)



All three turned toward the door as a Siwash Indian came into the room



The woman's voice rose in a shriek of terror for the fire. "Get me out of here!"

The Lame Duck

WHEN Doctor Fell entered his house, a medley of voices assailed his ears with almost the violence of a physical blow as his daughter and her friends surged out to the hall to greet him.

Natalie, reaching his side, raised herself on tiptoe and planted a kiss on the end of his chin. "You're late, daddy; you know we never have any fun till you get here. The radio is marvelous to-night. Come on in and help us get Havana."

Laughing, he detached himself from her grasp. "Steady, offspring," he counselled, "I am tired and I must rest. Someone in this family has to keep fit to breadwin."

"Oh, please, daddy!"

"Sorry, old-timer. You don't want me to lose my patients because of you, do you?"

She dimpled and wrinkled her pretty nose. "I've lost my patience lots of times because of you," she retorted.

He tweaked her nose back to normal and stepped to the door of the dining room where his elderly housekeeper sat knitting. "Is Nelia here, Mrs. Dow?" he enquired.

"No, Doctor Fell. I imagine you will find her up-stairs. I think I saw her go up there."

The story of a girl who knew she was not popular and what she did about it

By MAUD MARY BROWN

Illustrations by Agnes C. Lehman

He turned to the stairs but paused to speak to his elder daughter. "Natalie," he asked, "where is Nelia?"

"Nelia?" Natalie's eyes, rather blank, swept the hall where her friends still lingered. "Why, Nelia seems to have been mislaid, daddy."

"I saw her go up-stairs," Linda Clarke offered.

Doctor Fell waved a hand to the youngsters he had watched

grow up, and started up the stairs. "Nelia!" he called softly as he reached the top. Then, on a different key, "Nelia!"

For he had espied her, curled up on a couch, her head in pillows. He went over and sat down beside her, turning her face upward. "What is the matter, honey?"

"N—nothing, father."

"Then why are you up here alone?"

There was a moment of fierce repression. Then, "They don't want me, father."

"Nonsense, Nelia! But even if they didn't, the responsibility would be yours; you have to make yourself desirable, you know."

"To be desirable," she answered bitterly, "I would have to be silly. And Aunt Cornelia taught me the cheapness of that."

"Oh, come, Nelia! Natalie and Linda are not cheap; and there were never finer boys than Peter Clarke and Jim Bentley. I ought to know; I have known them intimately since their romper days."

"They treat me disrespectfully, father. Natalie laughs at what she calls my ground grippers and exposed ears and I distinctly heard Linda Clarke refer to me as the lame duck."

He concealed a smile. "Honey, banter is the elixir of life to them. You must not be sensitive."

"I despise them," she said with finality.

Her grey eyes had grown dark with emotion and in them lurked the shadow of recent tears. Her rounded chin was firm and her wide mouth amazingly sweet. Her hair was as smooth and lustrous as satin. Her father regarded her earnestly, seeking to discover why, with all of the elements of beauty present, she should be so lacking in charm. She was, he admitted, as ineffective as a magnet without polarization.

Was she lacking in all the attributes which her sister possessed so abundantly, or had they been trained out of her by his spinster half-sister with whom she had lived since she was five?

Nelia, uneasy under his silent scrutiny, stirred. "I don't like the way they treat you, either, father," she said.

"But I like it, Nelia. It is a great honor for an old duffer like myself to be elected a member of youth's fraternity."

"This house isn't run for you, but for Natalie. You should come home to peace."

A quiet library; uninterrupted perusal of his medical journals; shaded lights. The picture was appealing but he dismissed it. "Youth must be served," he smiled.

"First," she added bitterly. "Father, I had a letter from Aunt Cornelia to-day. She has suddenly decided to go to Alaska this summer and she wonders if you would let me go."

"Alaska! Why, Nelia! It was agreed that I should have you all summer. Do you want to go?"

"I think you need me here, father, especially since Mrs. Dow leaves to-morrow for six weeks."

"I think we need each other, chick."

He rose and pulled her to her feet. "Let's sleep on it, Nelia, shall we? And now run down to your guests."

"They are not my guests, father, and I'm going to bed."

Doctor Fell stifled a sigh and, going into his room, sat down on the bed to think. When his wife had died, the rearing of two small daughters had seemed a gigantic task to

the stricken man, and Miss Fell having begged for her namesake for a few years, he had permitted Nelia to go to her.

The advantages which his half-sister's wealth could give Nelia had been a factor in his decision. There would be travel, tutors, cultural surroundings. Of these, sometimes through the years, it had seemed unfair that Natalie should not receive her share.

This summer preceding their first year at college, when the girls were seventeen and eighteen, he had insisted upon reuniting the sisters and Nelia had come home—her first visit without her aunt—to find Natalie and her friends as incomprehensible as though they had sprung from an alien race.

"Has a child of mine a superiority complex?" he shuddered. Then he recalled the quivering lips, the trace of tears in her eyes, and shook his head.

"Shy," he summed up, recalling his own youth. "And trying to fool herself and the world by this cloak of scorn. Funny how we all hate to be thought shy. If I know her, she would give up every scrap of her knowledge of Greek for a line of small talk; would throw overboard her ability agreeably to entertain an elderly bishop for one little bag of parlor tricks."

He sat there till he heard the young people go trooping down the walk. He listened as Mrs. Dow closed windows and doors. He heard Natalie come charging up the stairs, softly, though, fearful that she might disturb him. Outside his door she paused and he knew that she was listening to find if he were still awake.

"Good night, old-timer," he called softly.

"Night, daddy dear. We missed you awfully."

Pleasant dreams." And she went on to the room which she and Nelia shared.

Doctor Fell rose and stretched his arms above his head. "No, my dear," he said, "no Alaska for you. You came to scoff; it's my business to see that you remain to play."

Nelia, her eyes hard and bright, was sitting up in bed when her sister entered.

The latter took off her beads and kicked off her pumps simultaneously.

"You deserted early, old dear," she remarked.

"Natalie, I don't see how you can endure that crowd. Aunt Cornelia—"

"Spare me Aunt Cornelia," yawned Natalie. Then, "you'll lose your shyness after a little."

"Shyness!" Nelia echoed indignantly. "Why, when the bishop—"

"Spare me the bishop," yawned Natalie.

"And, anyway, you seem to think shyness is a fault."

"Well, you don't think it's a virtue, do you?"

"If I were shy—which decidedly I am not—wouldn't it be an act of common courtesy to try to put me at ease?"

"While you sit up-stage and patronize us? Not any. You have to help yourself a little, old thing."

"As if I wanted anything to do with those morons!"



"Apple sauce!" cried Nelia

Natalie's blue eyes glittered. "Morons!" she repeated. "Suppose you investigate Peter Clarke's record for his two years in college. Or Linda's and Mavis Rand's in high school. You've tried to turn our larks into intelligence tests ever since you came, but I think an impartial judge would say that we stack up pretty well beside you. If you expect to be popular, you'd better not treat your acquaintances like a bunch of consolation prizes. And that's that."

But Nelia had not heard, her head being buried under the covers to shut out her sister's voice.

The next morning, from his office, Doctor Fell got his half-sister on long-distance and as a result, went home and sought Nelia.

"You see, puss, you went to Europe last year and Natalie has never travelled. Aunt Cornelia is willing to substitute her for you on this Alaska trip. I don't want to lose you so soon. How about it?"

Nelia's eyes shone. Reason told her that she should above all things desire to get away from the indifferent young people of Groveland, but her heart registered joy at remaining among them.

"I shall love to stay with you, father," she said, her eyes downcast.

Natalie, on being told, sank into a chair, gasping. "Daddy, you must be crazy! I'd drive Aunt Cornelia to suicide before we reached the Rockies."

"It would be a wonderful trip, Natalie."

Natalie considered. "It would be thrilling, but could you get along without me, daddy?"

"I have Nelia now."

"Of course. Well, daddy, I believe I'll go."

Miss Fell picked Natalie up at Groveland and on the way home after seeing them off, Doctor Fell's cheerfulness was decidedly forced.

"You must learn to drive this car," he told Nelia. "I use the little one almost entirely. Natalie drives like a veteran."

Nelia's heart sank. "I'm afraid," she faltered, "that Aunt Cornelia wouldn't approve of that."

He twinkled at her. "I'm your boss now," he said.

Nelia spent a busy morning conferring with good-natured Martha and settling their room after Natalie's disorderly exit. She ate a solitary luncheon, her father having telephoned that he could not get home.

The afternoon dragged. She tried to read but soon tossed the book aside. She picked up a bit of sewing but that presently joined the book. Sleep seemed the only diversion left, and she settled herself on the couch hammock on the piazza. But the young voices which drifted over from the Clarke's tennis court drove away all drowsiness.

Doctor Fell had recovered his spirits when he came home that night. "Seen the youngsters to-day?" he asked at dinner.

"Not since this morning at the station, father."

"Better invite them over. Go as far as you like, puss. Martha is always willing to cook for them. They'll probably drop in to-night."

Nelia left the table, miserable. She knew that they would not drop in. Nor did they.

The next morning she went to the telephone in a brave attempt to call Linda Clarke; she left the instrument without having touched it. Again she tried—and the third time—only to suffer defeat.

To cover her cowardice, she invited their minister, whose wife was away on vacation, to dinner and when her father came in at six, she told him.

"Hinsdale!" Doctor Fell repeated. "Why, I had my heart set on seeing young people tonight."

"I thought that it was high time we had some of your friends here, father."

"I see,"—in a flat voice.

Again and again, in the days which immediately followed, Nelia tried to summon the courage to have a party, but each time she ended by asking contemporaries of her father.

"What's the big idea?" he finally protested. "Trying to entertain the Chamber of Commerce by degrees?"

That speech cut her adrift. No longer could she use her father's pleasure as an excuse for her cowardice. She was a failure. Her father knew it. Natalie's friends knew it. The neighbors, seeing the empty piazza and forsaken house, must know it also.

Failure! The word rose and taunted her. Why, oh, why, had she not gone to Alaska!

The postman's whistle sounded and she dragged herself to the door to find a letter from Aunt Cornelia and was immediately revived. Aunt Cornelia appreciated her. She would pour balsam on her smarting spirit.

But the letter was full of Natalie. Her comments were amusing, her viewpoints refreshing. In short, through Natalie, she, Aunt Cornelia, was renewing her youth and thanks to her, she was having a marvelous trip.

Marvelous! Natalie's own word. Nelia threw the letter on the floor and ground it under her heel.

"So you like the result of father's system, do you?" she cried. "Well, all right for you."

She flew out to the garage and backed the big car into the driveway. She was frightened, the lessons which she had taken having established in her no confidence, but to-day the undertaking of a difficult task was a spiritual necessity.

An hour later she came back. She was hatless and her hair was flying and the color was high in her cheeks; came back with a bent fender and a reprimand from a traffic officer. And a measure of peace. And her father, observing her at dinner, felt that a repair bill was a small price to pay for the gallant look in her gray eyes.

After that, Nelia took the car out every day, and one afternoon not long after her first venture, she turned off the main highway. She was driving the car by instinct for the first time; for the

first time her hands lay lightly on the wheel and she sensed the thrill which comes from taming a powerful machine; for the first time she was almost happy.

But not quite. Not till she had proved to herself that she was not a failure could she claim happiness.

Approaching a farmhouse, she looked at it with a slight acceleration of interest. "I came out here with father
(Continued on page 30)



Boarding School Girls Assorted

Because AMERICAN GIRL readers have been clamoring for more Boarding School girls, you are going to have them in our September issue. Watch for them—real girls, because Virginia Moore who writes about them knew them all when she herself was in Boarding School

Lucky Penny

Can you call a girl "lucky" when clouds such as these begin to gather?

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrations by the author

EARLY on a May morning, "Lucky Penny" goes with the other members of the Chipmunk Patrol to a deserted house to hang a May basket in memory of an old lady named Mrs. Stickney who died there. A sudden wailing cry leads her to a foundling baby lying on the sofa. Penny keeps her, for she cannot endure the thought of sending her "May Blossom" to an institution. One day she returns to find the town constable sitting in the parlor. He informs her that unless some older person is willing legally to adopt the baby, she must be sent to the asylum. Penny racks her brains to think of a way out. All the other Chipmunks in her Girl Scout patrol do, too, and even Lisbeth, a little crippled girl who will soon become a Brownie (a girl in whom Penny is greatly interested) offers to hide the baby and look after her, but Penny realizes that none of the offered help and advice will avail. She does, however, receive a note saying that the asylum is full for the moment, so that the evil day is at least postponed.

One afternoon a shabbily dressed woman leaves the train at the village, walks swiftly through it and on to the deserted house, where Penny found the baby. For a few moments she pauses irresolutely on the flagged path, then runs up the steps and knocks. The door opens before her touch. She darts back in terror,—then cries, "Is any one there?" No answer. With one long gasp she enters, looks this way and that. At last, she emerges from the house moaning, "Empty! Oh my heavens! Empty!"

Soon school is over for the summer. Penny has more time for May. One evening after an especially glorious bed-time frolic, she comes singing down the stairs. Then she stops stock-still. Dimly white in the glow from the room a pale, oval face with fixed, staring eyes is peering and peering into the room.

IV

Even as she looked, the face disappeared, and Penny ran to the window and flung it wide. She could just discern a dark figure half running along by the fence. It seemed to be a woman who slipped now in, now out, among the Rose of Sharon bushes beside the path. Before Penny could run to the door, or even call, she had hurried through the gate and the night had covered her.

Penny went upstairs thoughtfully with the tea and toast. She said nothing to Granny about the strange apparition at the window, but she lay awake thinking of the haunted longing in the face that she had seen just for an instant.

"If it was food and shelter it wanted," Penny mused,



As if she were terribly fond of babies and hadn't seen any for ever so long

"it should have waited—or come to the door like a human being. I'm sure it was not a burglar. Perhaps it was an escaped lunatic. . . ."

This last thought was not a very jolly one to go to sleep on. Penny's dreams were uneasy. Granny, too, was restless and called sometimes. May was the only one who slept quite serenely, grasping a flannel duck from which she had refused to be parted.

But Penny was not given much chance to wonder over the happening—for in the next few days Granny became so much weaker and more definitely ill, that all Penny's thought and anxiety were for her. May's customary good temper was slightly clouded by the coming of sundry teeth, and she wished continuous and thrilling entertainment. Penny was at her wits' ends.

Holly Troop took counsel together—especially the Chipmunk Patrol thereof. They did it by the shore of a small pond in the vicinity of the Barn. Babs was angling unsuccessfully for minnows; the others were soothingly occupied doing nothing whatever.

"We're perfect sticks," Madge said, "not to do something about Penny. She's in an awful hole—I was there this morning; she was flying around with tea and towels, her grandmother calling, and the kid howling its sweet head off. Penny didn't even have time for the usual grin."

"Here's a thought," Elinor volunteered suddenly, rolling over in the grass and sitting up. "Why don't we be daily nurse-maids? There are seven of us; we'd last a week and then start over again."

"And after Babs's day on duty," Nan remarked, "there'd

be no further need of the rest of us,—she'd probably mislay the infant in the shrubbery or let her climb out the top window."

Babs raised a wet and indignant person from the lake-side and reproached Nan bitterly.

"This is not a time for childish scrapping," Madge reproved them. "It's a grand idea, Elinor; I'm for it, head over heels."

"Moved and seconded!" shouted the other Chipmunks.

They set off at once, and presented themselves to Penny, who was rather hastily shoveling spinach and prune-pulp into May.

"We nursemaids, Miss," Elinor announced, as the seven lined up. "We comes separate, a different one each day. Here's the first one. Nan, tell the lady your references."

Penny, spinach spoon in hand, gazed unbelievably from face to cheery face. Nan ducked a curtsy.

"I'm stoopid but willin', ma'am," she said. "Hand over the babe."

May was nothing to be handed over. All the Chipmunks were old friends; she opened her mouth quite as amenably wide when Nan wielded the spoon as when Penny had done so. And she thoroughly approved of Nan's ideas of entertainment—rolling a bright ball across the floor till it hit May's small bare toes. May would then pick up the ball, inspect it solemnly for some minutes—examining it carefully and passing it from hand to hand. Then, with a shriek of triumph, she would suddenly fling it away to be recaptured by Nan,—and so on.

Emmadean, who was a rather serious person, was the next nursemaid. No ball games for her. She propped Dr. Holt's book up against shelves, vases, and crib posts, everywhere she went,—and referred to May as "the child". She tried experiments in character-testing and psychology, and noted "the child's" reactions. Emmadean stopped Penny triumphantly.

"I've been classifying the syllables she makes," Emma stated. "Look, it's quite wonderful. There are many exceptions, of course,—but not counting those, it almost falls into a sort of coordinated language."

"Wish I had time to stop now and look at your chart," Penny said. "Well—the child is about to let loose a coordinated howl, Emmadean."

May was somewhat worn by evening, and Penny stole a romp with her at bedtime, when Emma and her notebook had departed. May told Penny all about it in syllables which may or may not have been coordinated, but which sounded more or less like:

"Ba-na! Nenny-nenny-nenny. Prblkschbsch. Va-va Va-Va! Gloopsch-bt!"

Babe's day on duty was enlivened by sundry mishaps, just as the Chipmunks had foreseen. She arrived very early, wear-

ing a bib-apron a good deal too large for her, and munching a buttered muffin; she had evidently left home before breakfast was done, in her zeal. Penny had a feeling that there ought to be a keeper for both of them, but she turned May loose in the pen beneath the apple-tree and ensconced Babs near-by with a book and a rocking-chair. When she came out an hour later, May was weeping disconsolately—her playthings thrown beyond her reach—and Babs was presently discovered at the top of a beech tree, making a leaf basket and singing to herself. She was very contrite, and refused to be let off the job.

"Really I'll take care of her. Oh, let me! I've thought up such a good name for us; we're the Charitable Chipmunk Child-Carers—we could have C.C.C.C. on our aprons. Can I make it now and sew it on? If I let you take care of her, I couldn't be one, Penny."

Penny never could decide whether she wanted to spank or kiss Babs. She compromised by tweaking her hair, this time, and actually fetched the material wherewith to blazon C.C.C.C. on the bib of the young Child-Carer's ample apron. This occupied Babs for some time, and she tossed scraps of entertainment to May as she stitched.

The insignia was done by dinner time, and Babs was very important as she tilted May's bottle at a scientific angle and consulted a wristwatch with a professional eye. But there was a dark moment, later, when she gave May a ride on the carpet-sweeper. A devastating howl brought Penny downstairs at double speed to find a red-faced and terrified baby kicking the floor, and a much disturbed Charitable Chipmunk Child-Carer feebly holding the handle of the carpet-sweeper.

"She loved it," Babs said ruefully. "I supposed she'd know enough to hold on—but she just let go, all of a sudden. Aren't babies silly! Oh, I am sorry."

May, more frightened than bumped, was soon pacified, and lay in Penny's lap making funny little contented fish-mouths. Babs went home later, her apron folded up beneath her arm, a cinnamon bun in her other hand.

"They do help," Penny said, "but oh,—it almost makes us dizzy, doesn't it, May-blossom?"

Lisbeth got wind of the round of nurse-maids, and longed to be one of them. Penny to her own regret, had had very little time for her private Brownie of late. Lisbeth sat in her chair on the dry, weedy little grass-plot beside her house, watching the shadow of the chimney lengthen across the road each day—and knitting. She was knitting a scarf for May—though the increasing hotness of the weather did not exactly demand such a thing. Penny had taught her to knit, and had, indeed, started this very article. Knowing but one stitch, and being unable to bind off, Lisbeth had continued to knit—till the narrow strip was long enough to have entirely swathed May from topknot to toes. But Penny did not come to put an end to the scarf, so it went on—like the brook—forever. Its proportions did not seem to worry Lisbeth.

"A Brownie should make or do something useful," she stated to herself, "and I'm sure a scarf's very useful for a baby to be tied up in."

It soon became apparent that something more than Charitable Chipmunk Child-Carers was needed at Penny's little house.

"My dear girl," said the doctor, "you've been doing wonderfully for (Continued on page 28)



A devastating howl

Buried Treasure

Beware the pirates—but the Camp Watchung girls met them, anyway

By MARY LITTLEFIELD

FOR nearly two weeks an air of mystery had pervaded Camp Watchung. Every Girl Scout, from Tenderfoot to Golden Eaglet, was bursting with curiosity as to why the Counsellors, claiming to have developed a sudden interest in nature, were continually stealing out of camp armed with trowel, string, tin cans, jars, and goodness knows what else in their lumpy knapsacks. Finally on a certain sunny Saturday the Blue Pixies (table setters) coming to the pavilion at breakfast time, found on the bulletin board an interesting poster picturing a mountain cave in which reposed—could it be—a chest of gold!

"It must be a treasure hunt!" cried the excited girls, pressing nearer to read what was printed beside the cave:

Be it known to every Watchung-ite

That high in the mountain quite out of sight

Is treasure hidden in a mountain cave

Where 'tis guarded safely by pirates brave,

At four o'clock to find it we'll go:

Each troop will be given directions, so

If you follow exactly with very great care,

You'll arrive at last in the pirates' lair.

One spade to dig with, each troop will find handy,

('Twill save your fingers if the treasure be candy.)

A compass too will help you to find

The treasure which is of a peculiar kind.

Be sure a pencil and paper you take;

'Twill save you from making any mistake;

Then in your pocket or on your back

An orange and lunch for yourself you must pack.

Then when the treasure at last you find

You'll be quite ready to rest and dine

Four o'clock advanced with slow tread, but at last Assembly sounded, and the five troops gathered at the starting place with their necessary equipment. To the leader of Patrol 1 in each troop was handed a card, bearing directions for the first third of the way and on each card was a different device, as a bat, a toad, and so on. Thus every troop had its own trail to find though each followed the same general plan. The card of the Bats commanded:

From the flagpole of our camping ground

You follow the yellow sticks laid down,

Then with a compass sight till you see

To the S S E a big oak tree,

'Tis there you're s'posed now to get

But beware of the swamp or your feet you'll wet.



'Tis the pirates themselves

It's the left-hand path we mean for you,

From the pile of rocks where the path is two;

When 250 paces from there you've made

Then dig in the ground with your little spade.

Patrol 2 made quick work of its trail, and soon reached the spot where the digging was to be done. How everyone cheered when a third bat card was discovered, but how they groaned when it was seen to bear a message in Morse Code. However a first class Girl Scout came to the rescue, and read:

Now follow the N. E. trail of the F. B. S. K.

You'll find the first signs not far away.

If 15 such you are able to count

You'll prove yourself a good Girl Scout,

For at 12 paces E. N. E. from the spot

You'll find the treasure which will be your lot.

Patrol 3 now took up the search, knowing that the mysterious letters "F. B. S. K." meant Finger Board Storm King trail. So, finding the sign of the Finger Board Storm King trail, they took compass directions and began to count the signs. Half a mile farther up the mountain-side the treasure—marshmallows—was unearthed, deep in a crevice between the rocks. But hark! A wild halloo resounded from the cliff above, and two kerchiefed heads peered over the edge and gruffly demanded the password. Someone whispered "Bats," another, "Bones," but an admirer of Stevenson gave the correct answer, "Jolly Roger." They were permitted to pass, but those who did not guess right were forced to kneel before the Black

(Continued on page 46)

From there you turn left till you come to a gate,

When in truth you must make a short wait

Until above you, you find the note

Which in detail will direct your route.

The Bats at once set out, Patrol 1 leading, and after a short hike a jar was discovered, dangling from the branch of the oak tree. A Tenderfoot climbed the tree and the note from the jar was handed to Patrol 2, the first patrol falling to the rear. These were the new directions:

Here with pencil and paper clean

Note 5 different ferns to be seen,

Observe with care 6 kinds of trees,

Also 9 plants which attract the bees.

Now scale the gate if you be so deft

And follow the patch that goes to the left.

Bridgit Comes Home

*Was Bridgit in your camp?
She is a Girl Scout*

By BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY

Illustrations by Ethel C. Taylor

IT is astonishing how time flies," said Bridgit McShane, putting the finishing touches to her blanket roll. "Here, Floss, that isn't the best way to make your cot, let me show you. There, you see, like this," and she tucked the blanket securely in at the foot of the cot, with a dexterous flip, "that won't come out and freeze your feet. I wouldn't have thought it possible I've been here four weeks; it doesn't seem like one."

Flossie Burns surveyed her cot with interest. She and forty other Girl Scouts had just arrived in camp; the bus that brought them was to take Bridgit and her crowd back to the station.

"I expect you've had a good time," spoke up another newcomer, who was unpacking in the corner.

"Good time? You better believe I have!" said Bridgit. "I'd hate to go except for—" she paused, then added quickly, "something that I want to do at home."

"Did you mean to stay so long when you came?" asked Flossie. "I'm only for two weeks."

"No indeed," said Bridgit, closing her suit case by sitting on it. "It happened just like a book. I was wiping off the tables on Sunday two weeks ago, when someone called me. I ran out and if there wasn't mother, Mrs. O'Halloran and Mrs. O'Grady, Tony, Bobbie, and Mr. Richards, all in an automobile—I almost fainted! You see I wrote Mr. Richards all about the camp and he said he just had to come up and see it, so he brought them all up, too. They stayed for 'Scouts' Own,' supper and camp-fire and after they had gone, the Chief told me I was to stay two weeks more, that Mr. Richards had arranged it. When I came up to my tent, I found a note from mother pinned to my pillow saying she wanted me to stay and get fat! And I've had such a good time." With a sigh of contentment Bridgit rose and looked about her. "I hope I haven't left anything," she said as she slipped her blanket roll over her head and settled it easily on her shoulder. "I'll just take a look around outside the tent for any stray towels or wash cloths."

The other girls were too busy to watch her, after she went from the tent, but if they had seen her just then, they would have been surprised at her actions. Instead of looking for any lost articles, Bridgit went straight to a little bush that grew close by, touching its green boughs in a silent farewell.

As Bridgit and the girls walked down the hill, Flossie inquired, "Who is Mr. Richards?"

"He is an old man who lives in the same house I do," said Bridgit. "I sweep out his room, take him his newspaper and read to him sometimes. He is very good to me."

"I've never slept in a tent before," Flossie went on. "Had you, when you came up here?"

"No," answered Bridgit, "never."

"Did you mind?" asked Flossie timidly. "I mean—at first?" It seemed an absurd question to ask such an experienced camper. One who could make her bed with

*Mrs. McShane looked at her
daughter in surprise*



a turn of the wrist and whose blanket roll was a perfect picture of neatness. Bridgit hesitated. "I didn't mind after the first night," she said. "There were—things—that—helped."

Flossie looked mystified. "Things?" she echoed. "What kind of things?"

Bridgit was embarrassed. Her first night in camp still seemed so mysterious to her. Of course she had always realized that the whole thing was a dream. Yet it was just that dream about the Shad bush and the June bugs and the moonbeams talking to her that had banished her home-sickness and started her in to enjoy camp from the start. For everything had come true that the bush and the bugs and the moonbeams had said!—when she had awakened.

The next morning, she had walked straight into the woods—and there hadn't been a thing to be frightened about after all. That was what had happened—those were the "things" she meant—yet when it came to telling Flossie, Bridgit hesitated. It seemed so childish and she was sure Flossie would laugh.

"What things?" Flossie persisted. Bridgit was spared the difficulties of answering by the confusion occasioned by the out-going Girl Scouts, and escaped into the Chief's office.

"This is the first payment on the chair," she said laying a fifty cent piece on the desk, "I'll send the rest, every week, as I earn it." The Chief nodded.

"I shall be interested to know if your scheme works out well," she said. "We will try to get the trees off to you tomorrow. They will keep green for a month anyway, even if they don't grow."

"I will write you about it," said Bridgit. "And—if I lived to be a hundred, I could never thank you for all you have done for me. I've had such a wonderful time."

Saying goodbye was a hard matter. The Chief seemed to know this, for she hustled the girls into the bus, and away without giving time for tears. That night Bridgit tossed and turned in her bed and could not get to sleep. She missed the cool night air, the glimpses of the stars, the lake water lapping in the distance, even the June bugs.

The next morning as soon as Bridgit had done all the chores, had taken Bobbie to the Day Nursery, where he went on these hot days, and had been to see Mr. Richards to thank him for the two weeks at camp, she was free to see if the Plan would really work—the wonderful Plan that had been brewing in her brain ever since that first night in camp. She ran lightly up the stairs, past the studio, past Mr. Richards' door, past Mrs. O'Grady's room where the sewing machine droned all day long, up a steep ladder, through a trap door, and stood at last on the roof of the house.

The first glance was a bitter disappointment. The roof was small and dirty. In the middle was a skylight that gave light and extra height to the studio below, and the place between the skylight and where Bridgit was standing, was a dump heap for all the unused odds and ends of the house. Boxes, old ash-cans, bits of carpet and matting, broken furniture, everything you could think of was piled in heaps. The wind blew soot from the factory chimney all over her and there was nothing to see but ugly roofs with flapping lines of unattractive wash. Tears rose to Bridgit's eyes. It was a horrid roof, she could never carry out the Plan. Then Bridgit, in an impulse, threaded her way between the piles of refuse, around the skylight, and there, on the other side, was just the place she had been looking for. She almost sang aloud for joy! It was a small oblong bit of roof, with a parapet all around it, hiding the ugly wash, and with the skylight at the back to keep off the sooty wind. It was all her fancy had painted. Of course it was dirty, but Bridgit was used to combating dirt. She found that by looking over the parapet, she got a view of the river, and she also realized that the factory chimney would not pour forth soot in the evening or on Sunday.

"I may as well start to clean it at once," she thought. "Then when the trees come I will be ready for them." Mounting the ladder with a pail of water, a mop and a scrubbing brush, was not easy, but once started Bridgit was no quitter. And as she scrubbed she thought of the day that the Chewink Patrol had gone out to get the trees, how they had dug them up, how hard she had worked to make the rustic pots to hold them. They would look sweet in this sunny little place. The Chief said they would stay green for a month anyway. Bridgit sang merrily as she scrubbed. She ate her lunch on the roof, sitting on one of her camp blankets with her back against the skylight. Of course it was blazing hot, but Bridgit tried to think it was cooler than down-stairs.

Later, after she had gone down to get rested and have a bath before getting Bobbie, the roof had a stealthy visitor. He did not stay long and when he went down, he was smiling.

The next day Bridgit took Tony into her confidence, and together they searched through the refuse on the roof and found a chair and a table, very much the worse for wear. But they mended them and painted them green, and they looked very festive.

"Say," said Tony admiringly, "they teach you a lot at them camps." He was watching Bridgit add a bit of kindling wood to the leg of the table, so it wouldn't tip over.

Giggles of joy indicated that the evening bath was in progress



"Well," said Bridgit, "I could do better, if I had the tools they have up there. You just ought to see the carpenter shop. Its a real one." She surveyed her handiwork. "It looks pretty well considering, and your paint helps a lot, Tony. I am so much obliged to you for it."

Tony blushed and asked hastily, "When will the trees come? Tomorrow?"

"I don't know," said Bridgit. "I must go now, I am so afraid mother will come in and catch me before its finished. That would just spoil everything."

After this there followed several days of discouragement. The trees didn't come, the roof refused to stay clean and Bridgit suffered all the woes common to reformers. Saturday, much to her surprise, Mr. Richards came home just as she was finishing sweeping his room.

"Bridgit," he said as he sat down, "what are you doing on the roof of this house?"

Bridgit grew red with embarrassment. She thought no one had noticed her frequent trips up the ladder.

"Don't tell me if you don't want to," said the old man, but before she knew what was happening, Bridgit found herself actually sitting on Mr. Richards' knee, telling him all about that first night in camp.

"I was an awful coward," began Bridgit. "Everything was so different and I was afraid; so I cried when I got into bed, and I suppose I fell asleep while I was crying, but what seemed to happen was that a bush, it was a Shad bush, tapped on the side of my tent."

Mr. Richards showed an amazing amount of interest in everything Bridgit said. Nor did the story of the Shad bush seem to surprise him.

"And so," Bridgit concluded, "I wasn't a bit afraid, after that. And I guess it was really that dream that gave me the idea of making a sort of garden for mother, on the roof. So the girls and I dug up the trees and I bought a canvas chair. I'm paying for that out of what I earn."

"It's a wonderful plan, Bridgit. Won't you let me help?" He could watch for the expressman, he said, and guarantee the placing of the trees on the roof, in case they came while Bridgit was out with her mother.

The next few days passed somehow. Bridgit was out

all day helping her mother. Tony swept the roof, in his odd minutes, and Mr. Richards kept watch for the trees. On Tuesday afternoon Bridgit found a note tucked under the door. It was very short. It said, "I want to see you," and was signed "R." Bridgit ran upstairs two steps at a time. Mr. Richards heard her coming, and was standing in the upper hall.

"Is your mother in?" he whispered. Bridgit shook her head.

"The trees and the chair have come," he added dramatically.

Bridgit fairly flew up the ladder, out on the roof, over the piles of refuse and around the skylight, Mr. Richards at her heels, quite as excited as she was. There they stood! The chair, two sturdy evergreens in their rustic tubs, one in each corner of the open space, against the parapet, but—between them—stood a row of six little geraniums, each one bearing bravely a scarlet flower! Bridgit gasped when she saw them.

"Where did *they* come from? The darlings!" she cried.

"They came in a crate, at the same time as the trees; there is a card tied to one of them," said Mr. Richards. Bridgit knelt down by the little pots and untying the card read the inscription aloud. "For your mother's roof garden, from the Chewink Patrol."

She turned a beaming face to Mr. Richards. "From the girls in my tent,—how wonderful of them! I wish they could all come and see how lovely it is."

It did look well. Against the sky light stood the table, on each side of the table stood a chair—the canvas one for Mrs. McShane, the old mended one for Bridgit. On the table stood a red basket, that Bridgit had made in camp; tacked to the skylight were three drawings of flowers, in bright paper frames, also Bridgit's handiwork, and the effect of the whole was distinctly good.

"Isn't it perfect?" asked Bridgit, as they climbed down the ladder. "Won't mother simply love it?"



Mounting the ladder with a pail of water, a mop and a scrubbing brush was not easy

"Absolutely," answered her old friend. "Does it open tonight? Do you think your mother suspects?"

"Oh, goodness, I hope not. She hasn't an idea. I don't know how to break it to her, I expect she will just think I'm crazy when I invite her up to the roof," and Bridgit laughed happily.

"Will you invite me up there too, sometime?" asked the old man.

"Indeed we will," said Bridgit heartily, as they parted at his door.

After supper that night, Bridgit was in such a hurry to clear away that she did everything wrong.

"What are you thinking about, my dear?" said her mother. "That is not the place to put the table cloth." Bridgit came to with a start; she had been so busy trying to think how to lead the conversation around to roof gardens that she was putting the table cloth in the drawer with the spoons and forks!

"I am sorry, mother dear," she said, "I was thinking about something else."

"So I see," said Mrs. McShane dryly. "About that wonderful camp, I suppose." At that moment Bridgit flew at her and gave her a hug. Mrs. McShane was quite used to these sudden bursts, and only smiled as she said, "there, dear, you don't need to choke me; what *were* you thinking about?"

"Just as soon as I put Mr. Bobbie McShane to bed, I'll tell you," was the answer, and Bridgit, catching up the young gentleman in question, disappeared with him into the adjoining room.

Mrs. McShane put away the remaining supper dishes, and took out her ironing board. At that familiar sound, Bridgit's head appeared at the bedroom door.

"Don't set up that horrid thing tonight," she said decisively. "You aren't going to work tonight, or any night, for that matter, until I go back to school."

Mrs. McShane looked at her daughter in surprise, but the head was immediately withdrawn, and the vigorous splashing and giggles of joy, indicated that the evening bath was in progress. After a moment's thought, she stood the offending board against the dresser and sat down, with a little sigh, to await further developments. In a moment or two Bridgit joined her.

"Now what is all this about?" asked Mrs. McShane.

"Come with me and I'll show you," answered Bridgit, pulling her mother gently towards the door.

"Now, Bridgit, I haven't time or the money to go to the movies or any such nonsense. Mrs. Nichols must have her wash, she is going away."

Bridgit put both arms around her mother. "Please come, mother. It isn't the movies and it won't cost anything. It's—it's—a surprise, please, mother. I've done it all myself, at least nearly all myself and I can't wait to show it to you. It's on the roof."

"On the roof!" echoed Mrs. McShane, allowing herself to be pulled up the stairs.

Bridgit nodded and urged her mother, still protesting, up the ladder through the trap door. It was a beautiful evening. The long day was drawing to a close; a baby moon was swinging gently to bed, with a star to light her way; the sky was a deep blue and there was a cool breeze blowing, free from the offending soot. Mrs. McShane drew a long breath.

"My, but it's beautiful," she said. "Why didn't we think of doing this before? And what on earth is all this muss doing on the roof?"

Bridgit didn't answer, she just pulled her mother along, past the skylight, into the little enclosure and watched, hardly daring to breathe, while her mother looked in utter amazement at the trees, the cheery geraniums, the chairs and all the evidences of loving thought.

(Continued on page 44)

'Fraid Cat

By MARGARET MARSHALL HARRIS

Illustrations by Erick Berry

HELEN ROSS drew back in terror at the sudden apparition in the dark hall. "Fraid cat!" sang out her brother Harold. "Afraid of a sheet. Afraid of a shadow. Some girl, you are."

Helen lifted an indignant chin. "I am not," she protested. "Anyone would jump when you bounce out like that."

"Fraid cat, 'fraid cat," Harold's lowered voice insisted, as he followed his sister toward the living room. "Oh, well," he next consoled her in towering superiority, "you're no worse than all girls, I guess. But I won't jump out at you any more if it curdles your blood."

Helen grinned in spite of her annoyance. She and Harold, a year older than herself, were really good pals, except on the rare occasions when his teasing became intolerable. Now, in mock gallantry, he opened the living room door for her and bowed low.

As they entered the room together, their banter died away before the serious expression on both their parents' faces. Mr. Ross looked deeply distressed, almost haggard. Their mother's eyes were sad.

Helen crossed swiftly to her father's side. "What's the matter, father dear?"

Mrs. Ross answered for him. "The car has been stolen," she said, simply.

"Not the new one?" gasped Harold.

His father nodded. "I am afraid we have seen the last of it, son. Automobile thieves these days know how to make a quick get-away."

"It was stolen from in front of the office, when father ran back for a minute to get some papers he had forgotten," explained Mrs. Ross. "Then Mr. Dannis detained him and—"

"And when I came out, it was gone. I had locked it, too."

"Never mind, dad, you have the insurance," comforted Helen, who had gone with her father to take out the papers.

"That is just what I thought but—" and Mr. Ross covered his face with his hands.

Mrs. Ross took up the story. "But when father went to the insurance office to notify them, Mr. Morrison who just got back from Chicago last night, couldn't find a single record of father's having been there last Saturday to make out the papers. It seems that new young man whom father saw, left yesterday and they can't get trace of him. Mr. Morrison says he can't understand it. Nothing like it has ever happened before in his office. And the young man has seemed one of the best assistants he ever had—there a month and always so interested in every one of Mr. Morrison's clients. He didn't even wait until Mr. Morrison returned before he left."

"If only there had been some identification mark by which to trace the car at once! But the police said there are hundreds of cars of that make in this town and hundreds of dark blue ones exactly the same shade." And Mr. Ross again buried his face in his hands.

"I say, dad," spoke up Harold, "there's an identifica-

"Fraid cat!" sang out Harold,
"Some girl, you are"



tion mark on it, all right. Put it there myself, under the right hand flap of the tonneau pocket, where you keep road maps. It's your name, scratched with my Scout knife."

Since Harold and his knife had offended on more than one occasion, such a confession would ordinarily have called forth a rebuke. Now, though no rebuke was forthcoming, neither did the others in the family seem to take much hope from what he had said.

"They are too far away by now, son," said Mrs. Ross.

Helen sat down beside her father, a sympathetic hand on his shoulder. Though a year younger than Harold, she seemed to realize better than he all that this loss meant to her father. It was more than the expense, although they had saved for three years in order to buy this special car. In his prideful possession of it, Mr. Ross had been like an ecstatic child with a new toy. And they had taken only two rides in it!

Mr. Ross forced a puckered smile. "Well, we'll muster in the little old roadster again," he said. "It's lucky we still have it." But he deceived none of them.

At school, next day, Helen could not keep her mind upon her classes. Her father had been cheerful enough with the goodbyes which he waved from the shabby old roadster, but Helen knew the disappointment under his brave show of jauntiness. To have your stolen car a dead loss because of someone else's carelessness seemed too much. How she hated the very thought of the young man in the insurance office! She had turned away with blurred eyes to find her mother struggling to maintain her own composure.

Then Mrs. Ross had said, with tears on the edge of her voice, "I am not crying over the car, dear. But your father has saved and worked and planned so for that car and he took such joy in actually owning it! It isn't as though he could sit right down and write out a cheque for another."

"We'll find a way," Helen had soothed her as she hurried into tam and sweater, preparatory to her usual hurried dash to the Junior High School, five blocks away.

But try as she might, Helen could think of no way. As her mind returned again and again to the car, her comforting words to her mother seemed rather childish. For what possible way could there be to buy a new car except the one they had tried the past three years—saving and economizing? Where could that amount of money come from save from father?

"Helen, may I see you a moment after class?" Her English teacher was speaking, breaking into the troublesome thoughts.

"I wonder whether you will do me a great favor, Helen," went on Miss McArthur, as Helen waited before her desk. "Lucy Main has not been in school for three days now and no one has heard from her."

Lucy Main, one of Helen's classmates, was to be leading lady in the class play, the following week, a play which Miss McArthur was directing.

"I am so worried about her not coming to rehearsals nor sending me any word, I don't know what to do. If she is really too sick to go on with the play, I must know it this afternoon. But they have no telephone and none of the girls lives near her."

"Where does she live?" asked Helen.

"Away over on Kenwood Street. It seems she should really be attending the new Junior High School in that part of town, but when they moved she was so distressed over leaving her class, that her father obtained special permission for her to finish this year here and graduate with you girls."

"Oh, yes, I think I remember about that," replied Helen, who knew Lucy but casually.

"Fifty-three Kenwood Street is the number," continued Miss McArthur. "I can spare you better than any of the others because I shall not rehearse your scene until toward the end of the afternoon. Is it too much to ask of you, Helen, to go over and find out how she is and whether she can go on with the play? If she is permanently out, I can put in Maretta Bagley. But I should like to tell Maretta today so that she may start memorizing the part this evening."

"I'll be glad to go, Miss McArthur," replied Helen. "Oh, I do hope Lucy won't have to give up, though. She's so good as Grace."

So Helen took the long trip across the city, only to be met with Lucy's, "Did my father forget to telephone Miss McArthur again today?"

For Lucy herself had answered Helen's ring at the door of fifty-three Kenwood Street. And Lucy herself gave her the reassuring news that, "I've had a bad cold and mother thought it better for me to stay at home and entirely cure it, so that I would be all right for the play. I told father to telephone yesterday. And when he forgot, I tied a knot in his handkerchief so that he'd surely remember today. I'll bet he never even took the old handkerchief out!"

"He forgot, all right," agreed Helen, "because Miss McArthur hadn't heard a word when I left, right after lunch."

"Tell her I'll be there tomorrow. I know every bit of the last



Helen Ross

act now, too. I've been studying it here at home."

"I wish I knew my part of the last act," sighed Helen. "I was going to get at it last night and then our new car was stolen and we were all so upset. I couldn't keep my mind on anything."

"Oh, Helen, how awful! Haven't you gotten any trace of it?"

Helen shook her head. "Not unless father's heard today, which I don't think he has or mother would have sent us a

message at school. Father doesn't think we'll ever see it again."

"That's a perfect shame," sympathized Lucy. "But maybe you will, at that. Perhaps the police are nabbing the thief right now and the car'll be there when you get home!"

Nabbing the thief—if only they were! Her mind on the stolen car, Helen turned in the wrong direction as she left Lucy's home. She wished to go to the trolley line. She walked directly away from it.

Suddenly, with a start, she realized that she was in a strange neighborhood. Where was she? How long had she been walking? She looked up at the street sign. "Maybeck Street." She had never heard of it. She walked to the other side of the sign. "Kilduff Street." She had never heard of that, either.

"Oh, well," and Helen glanced up at the sun then back at the drugstore window beside her. "If I turn down here, I certainly should be walking toward the trolley."

Then, glimpsing a dark blue sedan a half block away, she sighed. It was so like their lost one, with its deep, rich color. It looked new, too. Impulsively, Helen walked toward the car, reading the license plate and noting the name upon the certificate in front, "Royal Forbes-Hawkes," with a San Francisco address.

"I suppose Mr. Royal Forbes-Hawkes likes this color as much as father did," thought Helen, swallowing a desire to cry.

She was starting on when suddenly Harold's odd confession flashed into her mind.

"Under the right hand flap in the tonneau, the place where you put road maps—"

Helen could never afterward explain just why she slipped back of the car and swung open the right hand door. But that is what she did. Her fingers trembled nervously as she lifted the flap. If Mr. Royal Forbes-Hawkes were to appear, how could she ever explain her actions?

But no Royal Forbes-Hawkes approached and Helen, leaning inside the car, was instantly breathless in utter amazement.

With unbelieving eyes, she read the crooked lettering (Harold's best): *John Gower Ross*.

(Continued on p. 40)



Her finger trembled nervously as she lifted the flap



Oleda Schrottky Selects Stunts

STUNTS, stunts! How many kinds there are! So many times I am asked, "Where can we get some new stunts?"

I'll tell you a secret! Your patrol name is an inexhaustible well of ideas but you must choose a name which will give you an opportunity to plan dramatics around it. A group of girls last summer gave the jolliest evening telling *Why the Owls are Wise*. One girl impersonated the "Wisest old Owl" and wore great bone-rimmed spectacles, a gray skull cap made from an old stocking top, and a gray blanket trimmed with tissue paper feathers. The stunt was interrupted by the snails who streaked under an old brown curtain. A lively debate followed between the owl and the snails as to which was the wiser, the owl who saw much and said little or the snail plodding on slowly and steadily. Votes were taken by the other patrols as to the wisdom of these gentle creatures. But since no conclusion could be reached, a supper party was given to pacify the debaters.

A make-believe radio is a popular stunt. Any large box will do. Cover it with paper and paint on the knobs with india ink. A girl inside the box acts as the loud speaker, static and fade-away. You've no idea how funny this can be made, especially when the audience is all agog to hear the outcome of the story that is being broadcast—and the voice suddenly fades away. Camp jokes, anecdotes, amusing announcements, new (and very strict) rules for camp may be cleverly revealed through the method. Don't forget to have an announcer who signs off for the night.

Another jolly stunt is called *Aunt Jemima's Pancake*. First, make a camp-fire with plenty of coals. Have on hand several griddles and pancake batter. One girl dressed as Aunt Jemima stands back of a table upon which is a mixing bowl, and small containers of ingredients for mixing the pancakes. The batter, of course, has been made beforehand. Aunt Jemima "makes believe" make a griddle cake for every girl in camp, giving it the characteristics of the individual for whom the cake is meant: "Early Riser"; "Sleepy Head"; and so on. Aunt Jemima's helpers, who are dressed like her, tend the griddles and pass the cakes about. Close your stunt with Southern Melodies which you will find in *Twice 55 Community Songs*, series No. 2, obtained from C. C. Birchard Co., Boston, Massachusetts. Price 15c.

The *Doll Shop* has been a most popular stunt among Girl Scouts in the East. The scene discloses the interior

of a shop. There we see dolls of every kind. (They are the actresses, dressed as dolls, of course.) The shop displays a Dutch doll that dances beautifully, a Chinese doll, a lovely princess doll, etc. Enter a small girl and her mother. The child does not seem pleased with any of the dolls shown her. Finally they come to one dressed as a Girl Scout. The doll begins to sing a jolly hiking song. The little girl says in great glee that this doll is her choice. The shop-keeper sells the doll with the understanding that only the best of care be given this most precious possession.

Then there are shadow pictures. Stretch a sheet across the room from one to six feet from the back. Place a brilliant light in the center at the very back, three or four feet from the floor. The front of the room should, of course, be dark. The play takes place behind and close to the screen. Keep your side always to the screen so that your features will show in the shadow. Historical tales lend themselves to this form of dramatics. The *Courtship of Miles Standish*, included in the book *Red Letter Day Plays* by Margaret Parsons is such a play (published by the Woman's Press, 600 Lexington Ave., New York City, Price: \$1.25). Scenes from *Hiawatha*, *Br'er Rabbit*, *Cinderella*, and other fairy tales may be effectively done by means of the shadow screen.

Occasionally we have a camp holiday. The regular schedule is dispensed with, we eat our meals out-of-doors and there is that general feeling of a "gala day". Why not have a circus? You can always find a clown or two among the campers. An elephant and camels are easily made out of a gray or brown blanket with two or more girls underneath. Human glass eaters who consume quantities of rock candy are wonders of wonders. Diving Girls, Strong Women lifting enormous weights (black balloons with their thousand weights painted upon them), Wood Carvers from foreign lands (girls clever as craftswomen) demonstrate their skill. A Tight Rope Walker, Snake Charmer, Dancers, etc. are very easy to impersonate.

Serve suppers from booths. In one you may have hot rolls and frankfurters; in another, potato salad and pickles; in another milk and ice cream cones. Still another booth may offer souvenirs, such as note books, lead pencils, in fact, anything you carry in your camp shop. Be sure your circus closes in good time. Things must be put away and grounds cleared so that the circus can get on to the next town!

(Continued on page 43)

FOREST NOTES

By GEORGE M. NEWELL
Decoration by Erick Berry

TWO Girl Scouts sat talking one day, discussing the whys and wherefores of Girl Scouting.

"Do you know when I feel the most like singing?" asked the first one.

"At camp-fire?"

"Nope, guess again."

"Doing chores?"

"Wrong again. Well, I'll tell you. It's when I'm hiking."

"So do I!" agreed the second Girl Scout. "Hiking always makes me feel like a song."

I suppose a great many Girl Scouts feel this way about it too. Because, you know, it is great to be tramping along with a light heart and a pack on your back and to sing a great, swinging song that fits in with your stride. And then

better still it is, if the words of the song really tell of the way you feel as you march along; tell of joy, a gay spirit and the pleasures that come with hiking over hill and dale.

That is why the *Girl Scout March* that we send you this month was written. Learn it and sing it as you swing along. Then see if you don't think it a bully good tune for hiking.

Have you sent in your patrol song for our AMERICAN GIRL Song Contest? It was announced last month, you will remember, together with the tune to which you are to write the words. There is still time to enter the Contest, as your words to the tune will count if mailed by August first. Look up your July issue of the AMERICAN GIRL and turn to this page in it, *Forest Notes*. There you will find the conditions of the Contest which every Girl Scout must fulfill in order to enter.

From a Book of Songs
 For Unison and Part Singing
 Concord Series No. 14

Girl Scout Marching Song

Words by the
 National Headquarters
 Field Department



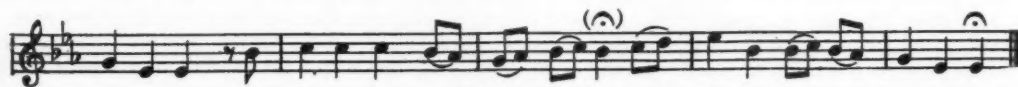
1. With hearts that are light, and with hearts that are gay, we are Girl Scouts march-ing on the
2. O hark to the wind that is blow-ing so free, for it calls us on-ward to the



broad high-way. Come lift up your voi-ces and join in the song we shall all be sing-ing as we
 o- pen lea. O join in the tune of the right mer-ry song that the breeze is sing-ing as we



march a- long. O tramp, tramp, tramp with a care- free stride, for the sun shines bright-ly on the
 march a- long. O tramp, tramp, tramp with a care- free stride, for the sun shines bright-ly on the



coun-try-side. O tramp, tramp, tramp on this glad-some day, for we're Girl Scouts march-ing on the broad high-way.
 coun-try-side. O tramp, tramp, tramp on this glad-some day, for we're Girl Scouts march-ing on the broad high-way.

Our Little Workshop in the Woods

The Rustic Fern Basket

By KATHLEEN GIBSON

of our Buffalo, N. Y., Girl Scout camp

B OBSY! Bobsy! What'll I do? Only one more day at camp! No, I didn't forget to make something for mother, the time just went so fast. What did you say? Make a fern basket? She'll love it! Here, lend me your Girl Scout knife!"

And Theodora, having whetted the blade skillfully on her elkskins, raced away to gather for her mother some of the most exquisite lace work that Nature fashions. It was like Teddy to collect the ferns before she made her basket—small matter that every one else in the world goes about it the other way around, for as she remarked later, "Pooh! Ferns are the inspiration, making the basket's a cinch. Watch! I'll have it finished before they're the least bit wilted."

And she did. And her mother enjoyed her rustic fern basket equally with the orange and blue Indian splint one. Furthermore, after the dainty wisps of maidenhair fern had gone, husky and prosperous polypods filled in so that the basket looked pretty all summer long. Everybody admired it.

Few products of the camp-craft class can compare with the rustic fern basket in actual popularity. All the charm, all the beauty of the summer woods seem somehow to live in its trailing creepers. Simple to make in any number of designs, it is lovely for camp decoration and makes an ideal gift for a city friend from the camp Girl Scout.

Window baskets, table baskets, hanging baskets—large, small, square, triangular, octagonal, rectangular—there is no end to the variation. They may be made from thin sticks or heavy, of birch, cherry, maple or whatever wood is desired.

The directions for constructing the baskets are most simple. Decide first the size, shape, and purpose of your basket, cut the green sticks (be sure the wood is green, as deadwood breaks down) and select straight, evenly thick sections. When a good-sized bundle is ready, take a sharp knife, and either fine wire, or saw, hammer and nails; find a convenient flat rock, retire and reduce the sticks to the desired length by sawing or whittling. Do not remove the bark. It is well to use all of one kind of

wood, by the way, so that the bark matches. Remember maple is silvery; cherry, speckled; and birch, streaked.

After the sticks have been cut and trimmed, without splitting or tearing the bark, they are nailed together, log cabin fashion. About one half inch left projecting at the corners improves the appearance of rusticity. The sticks may be flattened a bit where they rest on one another, if desired. In case wire is used, a small groove must be cut about one half inch from the end, to prevent the wire from slipping. In square baskets the bottom may be made first. The sticks which are about the thickness of the wood apart, are secured by fastening them to the cross pieces which act as the first side pieces, of course. Hanging baskets are usually triangular in shape. The sides are simply sticks graduated in length. The base of the triangle is the top of the basket.

But to explain takes longer than for you to experiment. There remain any number of clever shapes undiscovered, and one cannot go wrong. The result always justifies the effort.

In filling the baskets certain effects are obtained in the selection and combination of plants. Moss, maiden-hair, polypods, Boston fern—even creepers, groundpine and wintergreen may be used, though in general polypods and Boston fern are found to be most satisfactory. Maiden-hair is too delicate to be durable; New York fern is good only in combination with other fern and pretty only when found small. The best moss for lining the basket is that

which one lifts from old rotting stumps with the fiber of half-decayed wood clinging to the roots. This holds together, keeps the moisture and seems not to fade so rapidly.

Sometimes a queer bulbous and twisted root is dried, cleaned, and stained or painted to look like a weird Chinese bird.

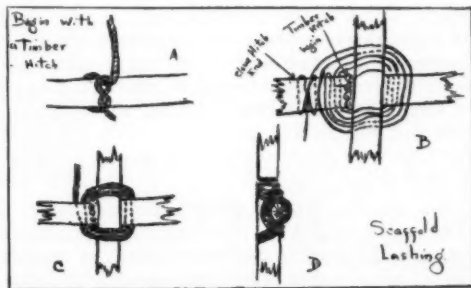


A Woodsy Picture Frame

By CAROLINE GRAY

of our Providence, R. I., Girl Scout Camp

Black birch twigs make attractive frames. Cut your twigs so that they will extend about one-half inch beyond your picture. The ends may be carved or sharpened to a point. Lash your twigs together with the scaffold lashing. See figure 3. Tack a piece of cardboard to the four corners of the frame, and slide the picture between the cardboard and the frame.



ABOVE: For your camp snapshots—framing Mrs. Friis of last year's Camp Andrée.

LEFT: Kathleen Gibson, holding a rustic fern basket she herself made.

RIGHT: Steps in scaffold lashing for your woodsy frame mentioned by Carolyn Gray.





Stars of a Summer Night

Girl Scouts who are fascinated by the stars will enjoy our new plans for Star Finders

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY

Our Girl Scout Naturalist

PEOPLE have studied and have used the stars, as you can well understand, for many thousands of years. That we do not know them and use them as much as the ancient peoples did, is due to the fact that we live in cities, spend much of the time in the house at night, have clocks that give us the correct time of day and calendars that give us the time of the year. Without these last aids we should need to know the coming and going of the stars in order to regulate our affairs, our journeys, our plantings and harvests of garden and field. Even today, no less than in the past, the time of our clocks is checked up each day from the astronomical observatories, where in turn the observatory clocks are checked by observing just when certain stars cross the meridian or highest point in the sky at night. The officers on ships at sea depend upon the stars and the sun to tell them their position. Of course these measurements are now carried out much more accurately than they were in times gone by.

If you lived in a world in which these inventions and conveniences did not exist, and were obliged to stay with your flocks and herds at night to protect them, you would soon come to know the stars, to find out what names had been given them, and perhaps to be struck by the human or animal-like shapes made by groups of stars. It would be an easy thing to imagine that here in the heavens were to be found the last resting place of great heroes and heroines. Naturally too they would be pictured as performing the deeds for which the folk stories had made them famous. To see these pictures in the sky, night after night, would make you remember these stories and make you feel how close you were to your forefathers and the people from whom you came. When you think how old the stars are and how many peoples have looked upon them, there is indeed no wonder the sky is full of stories.

Then, too, the stars were believed to be sources of good and evil influences, directing and regulating the lives of common people and even of kings. The comings and goings of the stars were eagerly watched and recorded by the ancient priests and used for prophecy and in ceremonies. Many of these superstitions have come down to us today, and strange to say, you will often find people who believe in these mysterious influences and who will make out a plan of them for you, which is called a horoscope. Scientific men and women find no proof of such influences acting on the lives of anyone and so long ago have ceased to believe in such things.

So, for the ancient people, the stars were great time clocks; they guided the sailor and traveller; they were store houses or libraries of the storied deeds of men and women; for all peoples they were interwoven with religious beliefs

and ceremonies; finally their study laid the foundation of modern science, for through the study of the stars we have learned the laws of motion and of the relation of the earth to the stars and the sun.

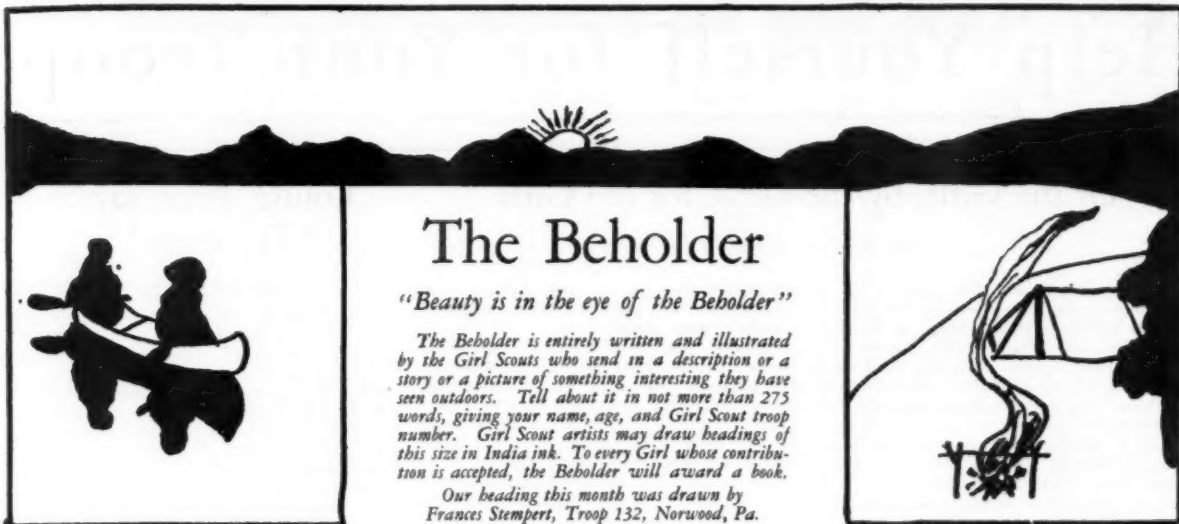
Perhaps you do not know one star from another, or the difference between a star and a planet. Perhaps you have no clear idea of the sun and his family of planets, their motions, and of their relation to the rest of the visible universe. Perhaps you have but a very hazy notion of the very great distances which separate our sun and his family from other great suns which we can see. Neither do you realize on how grand a scale the visible universe is planned, in size and distances and number of bodies. One is of course not to be blamed for not knowing much about astronomy when it is remembered how many centuries it took to find out that the sun and not the earth is the center of the solar system. How slow, too, we have been in finding ways to measure the great distances between the earth and the stars, and how vast has been the increase of our knowledge of the stars only in the past few years. When you decide to become a Girl Scout "Astronomer," you are dipping into the greatest of all sciences.

And you are doing still more. To know the fourteen or fifteen great first magnitude stars which we may see from all parts of the world, to know their constellations and when to expect them in the sky and something about them as to color, size and distance and the stories which have clustered about them, is a real achievement and one which will bring you joy and interest as long as you live. Of course you cannot expect to know all this at once—we would not expect that of even the most ambitious Girl Scout. But you should make it your aim to achieve it some time. In doing so, you will travel the road that mankind has traveled in finding out by observation and simple records the truth about the universe. But while it has taken centuries to do this, you yourself can do it in a few weeks with the many aids which you now have.

What shall you do if you are interested in the stars? I suggest that you first send for our new Girl Scout leaflet entitled, *The Star Finder*, which you may obtain from the National Headquarters Equipment Department, price forty cents. This leaflet includes the star maps upon which you are to work. You may wish, too, the *Lockwood Star Map* or the *Nature Magazine* for the months in which you are observing the stars. The monthly article in the *Nature Magazine* will give you information about the position of the sun, moon, and planets as well as other interesting astronomical events. The star stories you will find in the books listed in the leaflet. *The Lockwood Star Map* is advertised in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and costs fifty cents.

You are, of course, to make your own Star Map. Per-

(Continued on page 46)



The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

The Beholder is entirely written and illustrated by the Girl Scouts who send in a description or a story or a picture of something interesting they have seen outdoors. Tell about it in not more than 275 words, giving your name, age, and Girl Scout troop number. Girl Scout artists may draw headings of this size in India ink. To every Girl whose contribution is accepted, the Beholder will award a book.

Our heading this month was drawn by Frances Stempert, Troop 132, Norwood, Pa.

Of Interest to Star Finders

GIRL Scout Star Finders will be interested in what I saw last summer in Canton, Ohio. Ordinarily we do not expect to see stars in the daytime, but it just so happens that the astronomical phenomenon which I am going to write about was seen in the daytime. One peaceful August morning when every one at my aunt's house was busy doing something or other, the telephone rang. Of course the ringing of a telephone is nothing strange but in this particular case it was rather strange. The person on the telephone was my uncle who in an excited way told us to go out in the back yard and look up in the sky. If we did this soon enough, we would see the sun, moon and a star all out together. We all thought this was just a joke of his but nevertheless we went out to search for this wonderful thing.

As we did not know in which part of the sky to look, it took us some time to find it. We found the sun easily, which was in the southeastern sky. The moon, a quarter moon, was more to the south. At length we found the star which was a little below and to the right from the lower part of the moon. The color of the star was between a blue and a white and it was not very bright. I have not as yet been able to find out whether it has a special name. We were very lucky to see this phenomenon when we did as it remained visible for only a short time. It has been said that this happens only every two hundred years, so I consider myself a lucky person to have seen it.

JULIA E. READ,

Age 16, Troop 12, Syracuse, N. Y.

Strange Playmates

In the beginning I must say that the little animal I am going to tell you of is not at all unpleasant unless frightened or disturbed. One evening last summer we were entertaining a guest in the parlor

of our home, when we heard a slight noise in the next room. My sister, thinking that our kitten had slipped in through the outside door and was up to some mischief, got up to put her out. It was the kitten but as my sister picked her up, a little black and white creature scurried between her legs. After a moment she recognized it as a spotted skunk, but of course she knew better than to attack it. So she ran to tell my father, who quickly removed the cat from the room, for fear we might have trouble.

The little stranger was similar to a playful puppy and frisked about the room as if he felt perfectly at home. After about ten minutes of patient coaxing, my father succeeded in getting him to leave the house without an accident. The kitten and skunk were playfellows the rest of the summer and once we saw them frolicking about the yard in broad daylight. This little skunk never

grows larger than a small cat, and has a large plummy white tail which he holds proudly on high. His back is black, striped and spotted with white.

ELIZABETH SUMNER,

Age 11, Troop 20, La Jolla, Cal.

Spiders and Butterflies

One day not long ago, while I was out trying to photograph butterflies, I saw a moth hanging on a blossom of a Mock Orange tree. As I drew near, trying to get close enough to it to take a picture, I saw that it was perfectly still. On closer observation, I found that it was dead. I then wondered how it happened to die in such a position, so I removed it carefully to see. Inside the blossom was a large, fat spider. It, knowing that the butterflies and moths flocked to the sweet blossoms, had fixed its trap in one, ready to pounce out and devour the unknowing victim.

Another day, I noticed a Monarch Butterfly soaring high in the air. It seemed to be flying wearily and was carrying a burden of some kind. When it came closer, I saw that the load was another Monarch. I did not get to see whether the carried one was dead or not, but I have often wondered since.

SARAH HARRISON,

Age 14, Fort Smith, Ark.

Chatty Chipmunk

It was on a bright summer day that I saw this striped fellow. A friend and I had been feeding the squirrels in the park. If it were not for the stripes on his back I would never have noticed him. I watched Chatty for some time finally being rewarded by finding that he had his home in a nearby pile of rocks. For several days I saw nothing of him. I was disappointed but soon to my joy he again appeared but in a different place. This time his home was in a wall of rocks at one end of a pond.

HELEN EBERT,

Age 12, Wilmington, Del.



On the trail to Mt. Hood in old Oregon, a photograph taken by Grace May Poppleton of Oswego, Ore.

Help Yourself for Your Troop

Published each month

Vol. I No. 7

Of the Girls, by the Girls, for the Girls

In Macon, Georgia

THE picture upon this page is of a most important event in the history of Girl Scouting. It was taken at the first convention which Girl Scouts, themselves, attended as delegates. How did it all start and what did the girls do? Miss Corinne Chisholm, of Region 5, has written to tell us about it.

"On a hot Sunday afternoon in June, 1924, in Macon, Ga.," writes Miss Chisholm, "three Girl Scouts and their local director, Miss Ray Mitchell, were having a warm discussion. About Girl Scouting, of course. Suddenly one of the girls, Katharine Whaley, had an idea. Wouldn't it be fine for the patrol leaders to have a regional Convention for Girl Scouts instead of grown-ups? The other two Girl Scouts laughed and laughed. Nobody would come! It couldn't be done! But the local director was serious with Katharine. Why couldn't it be done? And she listened intently while the program grew in their minds.

The idea was almost forgotten except for mention in camp once or twice during the following summer. By this time the two Girl Scouts who had laughed were strong allies of Katharine Whaley. One of them was Helen Ross, president of the Macon Patrol Leaders' Association, and the other was Marguerite Gunn, chairman of the Golden Eaglet Chapter for Regions 5 and 6. Katharine proposed her plan to the Association in March, 1925. It was referred to the council and back to the troops for approval. Mrs. Juliette Low was asked to set a date, any week-end in May when she could attend. Eight standing committees were appointed by Helen Ross and letters of invitation were sent to every Girl Scout troop in Regions 5 and 6—our Southern Regions, as you doubtless know.

"On Saturday morning, May 2, 1925, Helen Ross opened the first convention ever held of the girls, for the girls, by the girls, and introduced Mrs. Juliette Low, their founder, to visiting Girl Scouts from twelve cities. Mrs. Low said it was the happiest day of her life, and that she never expects to enjoy any other Girl Scout event more than she did that one. Helen Ross, presiding splendidly, requested three minute speeches from visiting regional directors, before the beginning of delegates' reports and discussions. Miss Dorris Hough of Region 6 said she was proud of the Southern girls who made a real contribution to Girl Scouting, every year. First, the spirit of Camp Juliette Low; next, the Home Service plan; and now the convention of girls. Miss Corinne Chisholm, of Region 5, said that she wished to commend not only the girls who had made such

splendid plans, but also the leaders who had allowed the girls themselves to carry out their own ideas.

"Aside from their eagerness to learn better Girl Scouting during the Convention sessions, and their hearty enjoyment of the beautiful rally and trip to camp, every visiting Girl Scout seemed most anxious to be a perfect guest in the home where she was entertained and to be a credit to the Girl Scout standards of her city. And every hostess seemed on the quiver to be the perfect hostess. The letter of invitation had contained the request, 'Wear your Girl Scout uniform in traveling and during the convention—your hostess will sponge and press your uniform between meetings.' A last whispered warning by the 'committee' to some of the younger hostesses just as the train arrived was, 'Remember, you are to *sponge* her!'

"The visiting Girl Scouts arrived Friday afternoon and evening, May first. The Convention continued through Saturday and Sunday. Saturday morning, Marguerite Gunn conducted a beautiful Golden Eaglet ceremony, followed by a discussion of the achievements and problems of Girl Scouting. Every delegate felt that the convention was truly hers, as well as belonging to all others, so that none hesitated to say just what she thought.

"One of the most active committees was THE AMERICAN GIRL Committee, whose chairman was Catherine Callaghan. None could serve upon this committee who was not a personal subscriber—so that several subscriptions were sent in from Macon even before the Convention opened! All delegates were greeted with the question, 'Are you a subscriber?' If the answer was in the affirmative, the delegate was given a tag to wear, upon which appeared the words, 'I subscribe to The American Girl. Do you?' Needless to say, Catherine and her committee sent in a splendid list of new subscribers as a result of their excellent work.

"Saturday afternoon came the rally with colorful pageants and dramatizations by

(Continued on page 44)

Louise Price says:
"Try these!"

Pot Lick Stew

- 1 small can tomato soup
- 1 can tomatoes
- ¼ lb. diced bacon
- 2 or more diced onions.

Pour the contents of the cans in a pot. Fill the tomato can with hot water enough to remove the remains and add this to the rest. While heating the soup pot, fry the bacon until crisp and add the diced onions. Then add the contents of the pan to the stew. Serve with crackers. Did you ever hear of this before? Eat it on a rainy day and thank the Maine woods guides for its invention.

Squaw Corn

- 8 ears fresh corn, or 2 cans corn, (No. 2)
- 2 onions
- 8 slices bacon.

Chop bacon into small pieces, fry out and remove from pan. (Keep hot on the side.) Slice corn from cob. Slice onions and fry in bacon grease, then pour in corn, and cook. Serve on salty wafers.

Asb Cake

- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 pinch of sugar

Water enough to make a thick paste.

Roll in balls and place in ashes near the fire. Test with a stick when you think they are done.

Brush off the ashes, break open the ball as you would a hot baked potato, butter and enjoy the inside.

Girl Scout Leaders in Texas recommend this.

Roasted Clams

- 6 or 8 clams per person (more if you wish!)

Clams, soft and hard, oysters and mussels may be roasted in the embers of a camp fire. As soon as they open they are done. The only sauce needed is a healthy appetite and a little pepper.

Roasted Apples

- 16 marshmallows
- 8 large apples
- Brown sugar
- Handful raisins
- 8 peeled sticks.

Core apples part way but not clear through. Fill with marshmallows and raisins to taste. Set apples on a stone and cook before reflector fire or insert peeled and pointed end of stick into side of the apple. Stick other end of the stick into the ground before a reflecting log fire. Roast very slowly, turning from time to time.

Cored apples, roasted plain, are very good, especially when eaten with brown sugar.



Mrs. Low, our Founder, awarding Golden Eaglets at the Macon Convention

OUR PUZZLE-PACK

The Wild Flower Puzzle

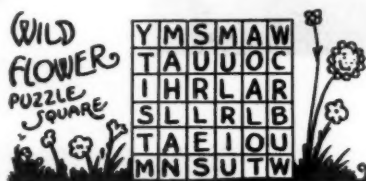
The journeys and hikes through field and forest this summer have made many a new wild flower acquaintance for Puzzle Jack and Puzzled Jill. He has made some rebus pictures for Jill and each one represents the name of a wild flower mentioned in the Girl Scout Manual. A very neat little anagram is also shown on the sign on the fence and this stands for a very pretty spring flower. Just change the letters about in proper order.

Jill has a vase at home for her bouquet, but just the same, it is hidden in the picture. Can you find it?

Wild Flower Puzzle Square

By ALICE BUSHONG
Gladstone, Mich.

The names of six wild flowering plants are concealed in this square. Move as a king in chess to adjoining squares in any direction.



A Riddle

Here is a flower riddle for lovers of wildflowers. Why is the letter A like a honeysuckle?

Puzzle Jack's Word Square

By IRMA MUSER,
Troop 14, New York, N. Y.

From the following definitions build a construction of four-letter word squares.

UPPER LEFT

Verbal
Unusual
A space
To show the way

UPPER RIGHT

To gain by labor
Land measurement
To obtain
Sleeps

CENTER

To mend
Space
Harvest
Back of the neck

LOWER LEFT

An ache
Efficient
Sicknesses
Bird's home

LOWER RIGHT

Reflected sound
A shell fish
Healthy
To mind

Answer to July Puzzle Pi

By ROSEMARY SAXTON

Katrina did not care to hike,
She was a parlor Scout.
A brand new pair of shoes had she
And feared to wear them out!

While other Scouts the woodland roamed

And learned of handicraft,
She sat alone at home and wept,
She could not stand the draft!

Now hearken ye to this advice,
Don't shirk, and never pout,
But do your duty; most of all
Don't be a parlor Scout!

Word Jumping

By changing one letter at a time change TREES into BLOOM in seven moves.

A Concealed Tree

The name of a woodland tree is hidden in this sentence.

"All summer long the campers' happy voices would be echoing through the woods."

Answers to July Puzzles

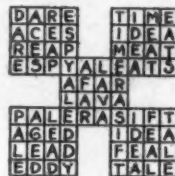
THE TENDERFOOT PUZZLE: "Necktie"—Instep. Words on the long board: Hike, Game, Tent, Fire, Cook, Work, Play, Swim, Tree, Code. Motto: What weighs an ounce in the morning weighs a pound at night.

TENDERFOOT RIDDLE: Because the bullrush is out, the cow-slips around, the grass have blades, the flowers have pistils and the little twigs are shooting.

ANIMAL CHARADE: Mink
WORD JUMPING: Foot, boot, boat, beat, best, rest.

A HIDDEN FLOWER: Verbena.

Puzzle Jack's Word Square:





ABOVE—Indian legends make delightful camp dramatics — spreading even to our World Camp in England, where this picture was taken

RIGHT—This charming minuet couple appeared in an entertainment the Eagle Pass, Tex., Girl Scouts gave for the new National Headquarters



ABOVE—Oleda Schrottky of National Headquarters, author of Girl Scouts, Ask her play to



LEFT—A stirring moment in an old English ballad, vividly presented by the Chicago Girl Scouts in their camp

RIGHT — The "green room", Camp Chaparral, Cal., whence heroes, heroines and villains come forth to delight their camp-fire audience



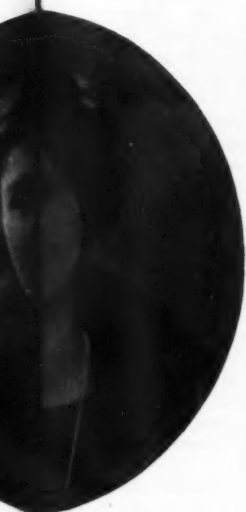
LEFT—Just such an Aunt Jemima as Oleda Schrottky describes on page nineteen is this one from Eagle Pass, Tex.

RIGHT—Ingenious costumes evolved by the Stonington, Conn., Girl Scouts when they gave "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"



Y, Cry the Girl Scouts

s merrily emerges this gay throng



a Set of National Head-
hor Girl Scout plays.
her day to give



LEFT — Br'er Rabbit stories for dramatics—Bridgeport, Conn., Girl Scouts here present "Br'er Rabbi makes a Riding Horse of Br'er Fox"

ABOVE — Robin Hood and his merry men are delightful for out-door plays, as in this picture taken in our Bradford, Pa., camp



RIGHT—From this huge replica of our handbook stepped alluring Girl Scout fancies at the East Orange, N. J., rally



LEFT—For such occasions, be sure to have our Girl Scout plays, including "Girl Scout Ceremonies Around the Year," newly published



RIGHT — Yes, it's a White Plains, N. Y., kitten making her bow at a stunt party, Camp Calamaco, N. Y.



LEFT — Rainy evenings do not stop the fun of our camp dramatics—witness this "Eskimo Tragedy" stunt in the Milwaukee camp

Lucky Penny

(Continued from page 12)

your grandmother, but it's too much for you,—and things now are so that you ought to have a real nurse."

Real nurses were few and far between in the little town, and costly. Penny looked blank.

"I don't just see how I can do that," she said at last, knowing quite well that she must.

"I believe I have the solution for you," said the old doctor, slowly polishing his round gold-rimmed spectacles in a deliberate way he had. "There's a young woman—a Miss Lorimer—who's recently come to town. She seems to be in—er—not too affluent circumstances. She has given me proof of an excellent record with the Red Cross during the war, and I hope to secure some cases for her. She would be, I think, an excellent nurse and companion for your grandmother, and I believe would be willing to accept—ahem—board and lodging as partial remuneration for her services."

The old doctor always took a good while to get around to the point, but Penny had his meaning before he had half finished. She assented, thankfully enough.

Miss Lorimer came—with the greatest speed and willingness. She was a tall, quiet-eyed woman, with smooth chestnut hair coiled low about a pale face. Penny tried to think where she had seen a face something like it before, and could not. Poor Granny welcomed the cool, swift ministrations of the nurse with tired gratitude. As for May—she shrieked with rapture every time she saw Miss Lorimer, from the first moment. And the nurse returned these advances with a sort of quiet happiness—"as if she were terribly fond of babies and hadn't seen any for ever so long," thought Penny. At their first supper together Miss Lorimer talked eagerly about May.

"The adorable little person,—who is she? Your niece—cousin?"

"No, just part of my luck," Penny said. "I found her, of a May Day morning, abandoned in an abandoned house."

Miss Lorimer caught her breath. "If you *hadn't* found her!"

"Poor lamb, she'd just have . . . oh, it's horrible to think of," Penny said. "So she's mine, now. She has to go to the State Asylum some day, but they're too full now. And I pray every night that they'll keep on being too full."

Miss Lorimer said nothing, then. She was looking toward Penny but not at her, as if she saw something beyond,—something strange and unhappy. For the nurse's face was more serious than ever, and she excused herself soon and went to Granny. But often in the days that followed, she asked more of May's story.

"Tell me of the place where you found her. It seems incredible that

any one should have left the darling in an empty house."

"I don't blame them for not knowing it was empty," Penny said. "The door was open, and everything exactly as it had been. Poor Miss Stickney—I do wonder what's to become of all her beautiful things. She died without making a will, and they can't seem to find any next of kin, so I suppose—what *does* happen? The town or the state takes everything after a year, or something; isn't that it?"

"Yes," said Miss Lorimer, "I believe that's it. So—she died . . . and no one is left?"



Come, Girl Scout Artists

Get out your pen and ink

A design is needed for a Folk Dance Merit Badge

If your design is accepted it will be used by Girl Scouts everywhere.

Send to

The Standards Committee

Care of GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.,

670 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

"No. It seems so sad. I used often to go there. Some people thought she was queer and crotchety, but she was awfully nice to me, always. She used to tell me stories about all the strange things her brother had brought from the East years ago. She had wonderful things—lacquer and porcelain, you know, and teak furniture,—and there they all sit, going to rack and ruin."

Granny and May were both asleep, and the others sat on the piazza well within earshot of the respective windows, lest either wake. The old-fashioned garden was abloom with hollyhocks; heliotrope sent its rich, heavy fragrance across the twilight air. Penny so well remembered how Granny had loved to tend the plants, years ago, when Penny had been a very little girl left motherless and fatherless. She had loved to fetch and carry, to help dig—and sometimes Granny let her sprinkle the little seedlings with the long-spouted water-pot. Granny had not been able to work in the garden for some years. Penny turned now to Miss Lorimer in the dusk.

"How do you truly think she is?" was her anxious question.

"Penny dear," said Miss Lorimer,—they were beginning to grow very fond of each other, these two, perhaps from their mutual fondness for May—"Penny dear, you'll have to know. I'm afraid your grandmother won't get over this illness. She may—just go, at almost any time."

It was so. Granny went very happily—for she was old and tired; but Penny felt that she was now indeed left alone, with no one in the world to love her or care what happened to her, except perhaps little May. It quite soon appeared, however, that a number of people were anxious to know what was to become of Penny. Neighbors and friends came to offer all sorts of advice and suggestions—and protests.

"My dear Penelope," Emmadean's mother expostulated, "you really can't go on living here alone, you know. Miss Lorimer is with you now, of course,—but when she leaves, what then?"

A great many doors would have been wide open to Penny if she had not insisted on keeping May. The two of them made really too great an addition to any family. But Penny refused assistance right and left, in a most surprising fashion.

"I'm going to stay on—in Granny's dear little house. I couldn't bear to leave it. Miss Lorimer can't stay, I suppose,—but some time May will be grown up and a comfort to me."

"Preposterous!" snorted Mrs. Dean. "Child, you must listen to reason."

But Penny merely gave her a cup of tea, and finally bowed her out at the door.

Of course Holly Troop had all sorts of ideas, too. The Chipmunks thought of forming a Chipmunk Camping Club and all coming to live with Penny—but unfortunately their parents all seemed to want them at home.

"Or," said Babs, "you might come and visit each one of us for a week at a time—and keep going around, you know, like the March Hare's tea-party. You could leave a brush and comb and nightie at each place, and it would be so full of variety—yet easy."

"I could leave a rubber bath-tub, and scales, and a thermometer, and a talcum tin, and a ton of spinach, and eighty-five clean rompers at each place, too, I suppose," said Penny. "Babs, it makes me quite giddy to think of it. I'd rather be a gypsy."

Lisbeth, too, had her own little idea, and voiced it very shyly. "Couldn't I come and live with you? It's all Mother can do to take care of me, anyway—and you know *really* I could mind May—and shell peas and things."

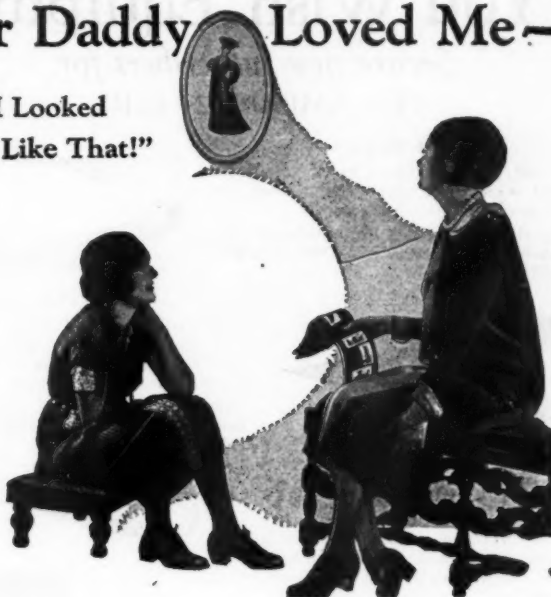
Penny kissed her. "I'd like you to live with me, my Brownie. And perhaps some day your mother'll let you come

(Continued on page 42)

Cantilever Stores*Cut this out for reference*

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade
 Albany—Hewitt's Silk Shop, 15 N. Pearl St.
 Allentown—255 Hamilton St.
 Alhona—Bendish's, 1302-11th Ave.
 Asbury Park—B. Bowne, 621 Cookman Ave.
 Asheville—Pollock's
 Atlanta—128 Peachtree Arcade
 Atlantic City—2919 Boardwalk
 Baltimore—316 North Charles St.
 Bangor—John Connors Shoe Co.
 Berkeley—The Booterie
 Binghamton—Parler City Shoe Co.
 Birmingham—319 North 20th St.
 Boston—109 Newbury St., Cor. Clarendon
 Bridgeport—1025 Main St., (2nd floor)
 Brooklyn—516 Fulton St., (Entrance on
 Hanover Pl.)
 Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
 Burlington, Vt.—Lewis & Blanchard
 Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
 Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
 162 N. State St. (2nd flr.
 Butler Bldg.)
 Chicago—1050 Leland (near Bway.)
 6410 Cottage Grove Ave.
 (Woodlawn)
 Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
 Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.
 Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
 Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg.
 Dayton—The Bike-Kumler Co.
 Denver—224 Foster Bldg.
 Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
 Detroit—2038 Park Av. (at Elizabeth St.)
 Duluth—107 W. 1st St. (nr. 1st & W.)
 Elizabeth—258 North Broad St.
 Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
 Erie—Weschler Co., 919 State St.
 Evanston—North Shore Bootery
 Evansville—310 S. 3rd St. (near Main)
 Fresno—The Bootery
 Grand Rapids—Hershelshelmer Co.
 Greenville—Pollock's
 Hagerstown—Bikle's Shoe Shop
 Harrisburg—26 N. 3rd St. (2nd fl.)
 Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.
 Haverhill—Bennett & Co.
 Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.
 Houston—205 Foster-Bank Comm. Bldg.
 Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl
 Indianapolis—L. E. Ayres & Co.
 Ithaca—Rothschild Bros.
 Jacksonville, Fla.—Opp. Seminole Hotel
 Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
 Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House
 Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.
 Kingston—E. T. Stelle & Son
 Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
 Lewiston—Laney-Wellehan, 110 Lisbon
 Lexington, Ky.—Denton, Ross, Todd Co.
 Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
 Little Rock—417 Main St. (Push Bldg.)
 Long Beach, Cal.—558 Pine Ave.
 Los Angeles—728 Hill St.
 Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
 Lowell—The Bon Marche
 Madison, Wis.—Family Shoe Store
 Memphis—28 No. Second St.
 Miami—Dickins Shoe Store
 Milwaukee—Bronner Shoe Co.
 Minneapolis—25 Fifth St., South
 Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—J. Rice & Co.
 Nashville—J. A. Meadows & Sons
 Newark—897 Broad St. (2nd floor)
 New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop
 Newburgh—G. C. Van Buren
 New Haven—100 Orange St. (near Court)
 New Orleans—100 Baronne St., Rm. 200
 14 W. 4th St. (opp. Pub. Lib.)
 1350 Third Ave. (152d St.)
 New York—12 John St. (Bet. Eway
 & Nassau)
 Norfolk—Ames & Brownley
 Oakland—516-15th St. (opp. City Hall)
 Oklahoma City—Fisher's Boot Shop
 Omaha—1708 Howard St.
 Pasadena—378 E. Colorado St.
 Paterson—18 Hamilton St. (opp. Regent Th.)
 Pawtucket—E. & Young
 Peoria—105 S. Jeffers' St. (Lehmann Bldg.)
 Philadelphia—1332 Chestnut St.
 Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
 Pittsford—Wm. Faber, 224 North St.
 Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
 Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
 Portland, Ore.—322 Washington St.
 Poughkeepsie—Louis Schomberger
 Providence—The Boston Store
 Reading—Sig. S. Schweriner
 Richmond, Va.—Reynolds Cycle
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 Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
 St. Joseph, Mo.—218 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)
 St. Louis—514 Arcade Bldg. (opp. P. O.)
 St. Paul—43 E. 5th St.
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 Utica—28 & 30 Rivington St., cor. Union
 Washington—1818 P Street (2nd floor)
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Like That!"**

WHOEVER designed the fashions in those days, just hated the thought of comfort. They look funny to you, but it would be no joke if you had to wear them."

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There are attractive pumps, in tempting varieties, and a number of trim oxfords. Girl Scouts like the simple, boyish lines of Cantilevers and find that these easy shoes enable them to become better hikers and better at all outdoor sports that require strong, springy feet.

Go to one of the stores at the left or write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 429 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address of a more conveniently located Cantilever agency.

**A flexible shoe for
your flexible foot**

The flexible arch makes the Cantilever a wonderfully comfortable shoe. It permits the foot to be natural. Foot muscles can exercise and gain the strength they need to hold the twenty-six bones of the foot in strong, springy arches.

And you will enjoy the easeful fit afforded by the natural lines, the snug-fitting heels and the rounded toes of Cantilevers.

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If You Wish Equipment

Secure new subscribers for
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Guard Rope

Guard rope 15 feet long, of excellent quality sash cord with snap fastener and ring for belt. Makes your knot tying easy.

Given to the Girl Scouts for obtaining two new yearly subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



Troop Pennant

You will certainly want this troop pennant in blue felt with green and gold Girl Scout emblem on white field. Comes lettered with your troop number.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining four new yearly subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



Canteen

Heavy seamless aluminum Canteen, with screw top on chain. Khaki case with padded interlining and snap fastenings; adjustable strap with buckle for carrying. Light and comfortable, since aluminum is one of the lightest metals. Holds one quart. Insures pure drinking water, a necessity for the hiker.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining eight new yearly subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



Mirror

Unbreakable mirror of metal, brightly polished. Comes in khaki case with snap fastening. Has hole for hanging in tent.

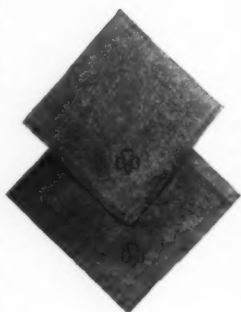
Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining one new yearly subscription.



Handkerchief

A khaki colored handkerchief is the little touch that carries out the uniform effect. Trefoil emblem embroidered in brown in corner. Practical and sensible.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining one new yearly subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



Mess Kit

Official mess kit of heavy seamless aluminum is a complete eating and cooking outfit. Consists of fry pan with folding handle, covered cooking vessel, drinking cup, fork, spoon and stew pan, which can be used as plate and bowl too.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining ten new yearly subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL.



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Send all orders to

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Girl Scouts, Inc.

670 Lexington Avenue

New York City

The Lame Duck

(Continued from page 10)

once," she thought. "He came to see a crippled woman."

She looked at the house idly—and saw a little cloud of smoke puffing from an open window! There was no quickening of her pulse at the sight, for though her eyes had seen it, her mind had not grasped its significance. However, abreast of the house, she awoke to see smoke, black and dense now, drifting through every aperture.

She jammed on her brakes. "I believe that house is afire," she cried. "Where on earth is the family?"

Her first impulse was to drive on—this was no affair of hers. Her second was to scream. She did neither. Instead, she leaped out of the car and up the walk to the house.

The door was locked. She pounded on it with both fists, calling loudly, her mind filled with horror at the silence and the thought of the chair-ridden woman who might be within.

She finally heard an answering wail and looked wildly about for some way of entering the house. There was a tub containing a geranium beneath an open window, and stepping on it, she warped her way through the opening.

Once inside, she was nearly blinded by the smoke, but after a moment she saw where the woman's chair stood and reached it at a bound.

"You've got to get out of here," she cried brusquely.

The woman was whimpering softly. "I can't," she said. "I haven't taken a step for twenty years. You'll have to carry me."

"I can't. You've got to help yourself."

"Get me out of here!" And the woman's voice rose in a shriek of terror.

"I'll help," Nelia gasped, "but you've got to help, too. Here. Put your arms across my shoulders. Quick."

She bent before the woman who sobbingly obeyed and, staggering across the floor in the blinding smoke, half-carrying, half-dragging her burden, Nelia reached the door. Her smarting eyes closed, she groped for the lock when a familiar voice came to her ears.

"Hi!" cried Peter Clarke. "Hurry up and open that door."

"I—can't—find—the—lock," choked Nelia.

In another second a panel of the door crashed in and Peter's hand found the bolt.

"Help me get her out," begged Nelia, pulling at old Mrs. Hook.

In a moment they had her seated under a tree and Peter was making a dash for his car. "Get your extinguisher, too," he ordered Nelia.

It was a matter of minutes before they had the flames, which were belching from an oil stove, subdued.

"The bally thing would have exploded pretty soon," Peter declared.

Covered with the oily soot, they approached old Mrs. Hook who was rocking herself and wailing.

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"I told 'em that stove would burn us up," she moaned. "Oh, my knees!" "Where's the family?" demanded Peter.

"Up in the back pasture. There they come now." She raised her voice to an accusing wail. "It's about time you come," she said. "I told you—"

"Grammaw!" gasped the man, staring at the huddled figure under the tree. "Are you hurt?"

There was a hint of a smile at the corners of the grim old lips. "I guess I'm all right," she said. "That girl there brought me out."

They looked incredulously at Nelia. "Oh," she explained, "she helped herself; I never could have got her out if she hadn't."

"But she can't help herself," said the younger Mrs. Hook.

"I suppose," Nelia said, "that if a thing has to be done, one simply goes ahead and does it."

Peter and Nelia escaped from the grateful family and when Nelia was in her car, Peter leaned over the door, glowering at her.

"You little idiot!" he rapped out. "Rushing into a burning room like that."

"Of course I lost my head," Nelia said, her lips a little mirthful. "I should have rung in an alarm."

"Don't try to be funny."

"I suppose you prefer me to be grateful."

"It wouldn't hurt you. If you knew how you look, you wouldn't high-hat me."

"Well," Nelia demanded, "how do I look?"

"Like a soft-coal miner; take a look in your mirror."

"You're no Phoebe Snow yourself," she answered witheringly. And looked into her mirror. "Gracious!" she cried, fumbling for a handkerchief. But before using it she paused.

"I wish," she said with great distinctiveness. "I wish to heaven that Aunt Cornelia could see me now." Then she set vigorously to work.

"That's no good," Peter decided, watching her efforts. "We'll drive on to a stream and clean up."

Of her experience, Nelia spoke no word to her father. She was far too busy with her thoughts. Was there an analogy between herself and that old crippled woman? Like her, had she demanded to be carried, without effort on her part, to safe and pleasant places? Natalie had said as much.

But the lame woman, in an emergency, had found the strength to help herself. Might not a lame duck draw from the same mysterious font?

"It seems" she thought as she drifted off to sleep that night, "to be decidedly up to me."

Peter made drama of the episode when he told his sister. "It was snappy work," he finished.

"Hm-m!"

"And now put on your head set; buddy's broadcasting. We're going to ask Nelia Fell to go out to Sunset Cliff for supper with us Thursday night."

(Continued on next page)

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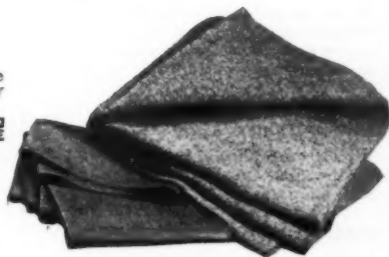
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(Continued from page 31)

"Personally," Linda began, lifting languid eyes to her brother's face, "personally, I have only one summer vacation in a year and I hate to waste it on shell-shocked lame ducks, but—"

"You better believe you will," Peter cut her short. "Just pass the word along to the crowd."

The picnic was to take place on Doctor Fell's birthday, giving Nelia an excuse of which she did not take advantage, to decline. All that morning she helped Martha in the kitchen.

"They promised to get me back to have supper with father here at seven, Martha."

"Bring 'em all back with you," suggested Martha. "Miss Natalie had them last year on your father's birthday. He called it a baby party, but he liked it. I don't think he feels very chirpy."

"They wouldn't come. I'm not popular—like Natalie."

To this comfortable woman, more friend than servant, she had confessed what she would never have admitted to her father or sister.

"You could be just as popular as Miss Natalie," Martha, busy with her egg beater, declared. "You don't try, Miss Nelia. You can't expect 'em to carry you."

Curious.

"But, Martha,"—the words seemed to be forced out of her—"I'm shy."

Martha stopped her work and spoke with great conviction. "The way to cure that," she said, "is to get so busy doing things with those young folks that you don't have time to think about yourself."

Nelia meditated. "Perhaps you're right, Martha," she said finally. "Because," she added, "I certainly forgot to be shy with Peter Clarke when we were rescuing old Mrs. Hook."

"Now you listen to me, Miss Nelia . . ." And they planned like conspirators.

After a solitary luncheon and a shower, Natalie combed her hair with less severity than usual and over her white flannel sport skirt and blouse, she drew a flame colored sweater which Natalie had left behind.

"Aunt Cornelia says," she reminded herself as she approved of herself in her mirror, "that people who like bright colors have a preponderance of the savage left in them."

She wrinkled her brow, trying to recall some outrageous and modern phrase adequately to express her contempt for the sentiment.

"Apple sauce!" cried Nelia—and pressed her hand against her lips, aghast at her indecorum.

The trip to Sunset Cliff was not pleasant for Nelia. She went in the Clarke's car. The chaperon was in front with Peter. With him or Miss Hamilton, she would have felt at ease, but in the rear, among five chattering young people who were full of reminiscences of past frolics and plans for future ones, she could establish no conversational foothold and she soon gave

(Continued on page 34)



Gladima Scout

came in to see the Editor the other day and read our September issue!

"My goodness!" cried Gladima, "the girls will be thrilled with this story about the secret passageway and the girl who made such an exciting discovery about what was in there."

(This story is called "The Capture" and is by Ruby L. Radford)



"And another Jane-Abbott-Girl-Scout-story," shouted she, all in one breath.

"Jiminy! Did that girl warn the train in time? Quick! Let me finish this before I go. . . ."

(Gladima read this one, too, straight through. It is "The Lone Scout Who Was not Lonely" by Jane Abbott.)

"And—" gasped Gladima

"Here's a story by Emma-Lindsay Squier. I always read her stories—Oooooooo! Look at that crazy cat! Oooooooo!"

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"And—"

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(Continued from page 32)

up her feeble efforts.

At the Cliff she helped the girls with the food while the boys brought water and collected wood for a fire.

Linda Clarke made an earnest effort to be friendly. "Supper," she told Nelia, "is a mess. Mavis was to bring cake but her mother is sick, and she brought candy instead. Betty misunderstood and brought sandwiches. About all we have is sandwiches."

"Anyway," consoled Nelia, "people like them better than almost anything else at a picnic."

Nelia was a little pale and her hands were working nervously. "Let me take that box, Linda," she said.

"All right. But treat it tenderly. It's all that stands between us and starvation."

Nelia carried the box to the edge of the cliff and set it down. Then, unobserved, she ran to Peter who, some distance away, was gathering wood.

He glanced up to see a girl with a very white face in which gray eyes blazed to black. "Peter, will you do something for me? I was going to do it myself, but I have stage fright. Anyway, they'd never forgive me; I see that now. But they'll only murder you, and that isn't anything. Please!"

He stood up and looked at her. "Steady!" he counselled. "What do you want?"

"The sandwiches," she whispered hurriedly. "They're in that box on the cliff. I can't explain now, but I want you to destroy 'em. Mash 'em. Anything, so that they're unfit for food. They're calling you. Please!"

Nelia hung back while Peter strolled over to the others. He stopped by the box and turned, calling to his sister. "Hi, there, Linda!" he called; "toss over that cushion, old girl."

She obeyed and as he sprang to catch it, he stumbled and in the scramble for equilibrium, the sandwiches hurtled over the cliff for a twenty-foot drop.

The girls wailed; the boys growled. Linda fell upon her brother, beating him with her fists.

"You clumsy thing! That was our supper. Now what shall we do?"

"I don't know," Peter said truthfully—and looked at Nelia.

And Nelia spoke up—bravely. "I'll tell you what we'll do," she said. "We'll all go to my house for supper. It's fath—daddy's birthday and Martha and I baked scads of good things for it. And he'd love it. Please."

They were all looking at her intently—as though seeing her for the first time. And as they looked, something passed from her to them which quickened, by a beat, their hearts. Only Nelia did not know that.

The silence confused and alarmed her. She had failed, but she would take another stand. "Martha's out, so we would have to get supper ourselves."

Silence.

"We could stay here till sunset, if you like." She was pleading a little now.

Then Linda Clarke went over and
(Continued on page 45)

"Girls I knew at Boarding School"—In September

A Ship Comes In

(Continued from page 7)

examined the little fellow. When he had finished, he looked up into the girl's eyes.

"Yes," he said, "the little chap will have to stay. I don't blame him," he continued, looking around the room, "for giving up. He probably thought three months in a world as squalid as his present surroundings was plenty for an ambitious man. He will be all right, Sal," he said turning to the woman. "You take good care of him in the way I will show you, and he will live to be as good a man as his father. But you must keep this place clean, Sal, or the papoose will die sure. Every bit of dirt on the floor there, and over there, and on the walls and ceiling—all over—is full of little germs that will make you and John and the papoose all sick. Clean it up—good."

Sal turned a serious face and wide eyes toward the different points in the room as the doctor indicated them. She stooped down and examined the dirt on the floor where she stood.

"Hm," she grunted, looking at the doctor with half-distrustful eyes.

A sudden shaft of sunlight fell across the floor. All three turned toward the door as a Siwash Indian dressed in a motley array of clothing came into the room. He did not see Marion and the doctor, but walked toward the corner where his sick papoose was lying. Then as his sight became accustomed to the dim light in the room, he saw the other occupants.

"Papoose well?" he questioned the doctor.

"He will be, John. You must take good care of him. If it hadn't been for this brave girl's grit and strength, I am afraid there would have been no hope for him."

"She go after you?" John asked, looking at Marion.

"Go after me? She certainly did! She braved that terrible sea and narrowly escaped being sunk by an old scow that was drifting toward the island."

"Hm," John grunted, his eyes still on the girl who was busy showing Sal how to follow the doctor's directions. Then, without another word, John turned and walked out of the hut.

The doctor stayed all night in the village and the next morning before leaving he went to see Marion and her father.

"That's some girl you have, Ed," he remarked to the girl's father as they were walking down to the boat. John, who was going to take the doctor back, was a few steps ahead.

"Yes," Ed answered quietly, "especially since her mother died. You know, Doctor, how set she is on goin' to high school in Seattle? Well, now she won't leave me alone here to go, and we both know I don't dare make a break to hunt a job in town. If we only had enough to keep goin' until I did get somethin'. I scan the sea every mornin'," he con-

cluded with a grim smile, "but my ship hasn't yet lifted her masts over the horizon."

The doctor made no reply, and the three men walked silently the few remaining steps to the boat. He and John stepped into the motorboat and, with a word of farewell to the man on the beach, started off on the trip back to the doctor's home.

3.
A few hours later the door of the dilapidated-looking hut occupied by the two Indians quietly opened. A head covered with red curls appeared in the opening and two grey eyes looked around the room till they were met by two black eyes.

"How's papoose?" Marion whispered. "He sleep now and no cry," was the low reply.

"You need any food?"

"No, John got food."

"He'll be back soon," reassuringly.

"No, not soon."

"Why? Was he going any place else?"

"Mebbe."

"Well, I'll be back later, Sal. I'll tell one of the boys to stay out in front here and if the papoose gets bad again send him over."

"Hm."

The grey eyes and the red curls disappeared and the door closed quietly.

That evening after Marion had prepared supper for her father she waited impatiently until he came. "Oh, Dad," was her greeting as he opened the door, "is John back yet?"

"Nope, I haven't seen him," was the disinterested reply.

"What can it be?" she said half to herself.

"What can what be? Is supper ready?"

"Sal gave me such a queer impression, Dad, when I said John would be back soon. She acted like he mightn't come back for a long time." The grey eyes looked into those of the older man with an expression of wondering curiosity.

"He'll get back all right. Let's eat."

The next morning Marion made another visit to Sal. "Is John back?" was her first question after satisfying herself that the baby was better.

"No," was the laconic reply.

"What, not yet?"

"Nope."

Marion went home in a troubled mood. John's seeming heartlessness hurt her. Why couldn't he have stayed home to help Sal when the papoose was so sick? Surely he must have brains enough to realize that there still might be emergencies in his son's illness! At home, she went through the routine of her housework, fighting to regain confidence in her Indian friends. It was true that John had been faithful to her father. But this desertion seemed so cruel. A helpless baby, his own son, sick—and he had walked out without a word! What could possibly

(Continued on next page)



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(Continued from page 35)

justify such callousness?

As soon as she could, Marion left the house and walked toward the beach. Entering the mouth of the river was a sight that at once absorbed her attention. A small motor boat was apparently being chased into the river by a big scow. A second glance told her that the boat was towing the scow, looking amusingly like an ant carrying off a crumb many times its own size.

Marion sat down upon the ground to watch. Eventually the boat, pulling its prize behind it, chugged up to the landing and made fast. The occupant climbed out, examined his moorings, and set off up the beach toward the girl. When he came closer, she recognized the Siwash John.

"Oh, John," she called out, "the papoose much better."

"Hm," John vouchsafed a glance in her direction without interrupting his stride, and walked on.

Marion felt her indignation rising, full force. "Hm," she repeated. "Hm!" I don't believe he loves his son at all! If it weren't for Sal and the baby, I'd be sorry I took that boat out in the storm."

Gradually the warm sun of early autumn soothed her and she remained gazing out upon the water, her thoughts returning to her cherished dream of high school in Seattle. If only she could go!

Her eyes wandered to the scow at the dock. A sudden thought struck her. "Gee!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet, "I wonder if that's the scow that nearly hit me!"

She ran down to the water to look at the crumb the ant had brought home. "No," she concluded, "that isn't my scow. Mine was miles taller."

Just then she heard someone coming down the dock toward her. It was John with a rifle in his hands.

"Why, John, what's the matter?" she questioned in alarm.

"Dam' good scow," was the reply. He climbed down from the dock onto the scow and sat there with his gun across his knees. Marion stood looking at him, her eyes wide open, ready to remonstrate.

At that moment she heard the chug of a boat and saw entering the river and coming toward them one of the smart, well-kept motorboats of the coast guard, which was stationed a few miles down the coast. John saw it too and tightened his hold on the gun. Others in the small village saw it and began coming down to the beach. By the time the stranger boat came to the dock, the town was well represented on the reception committee.

The boat pulled up to the dock, one of the two men got out, and trying to repress an amused smile at the silent, gaping crowd, announced that he was from the Government Coast Guard. This announcement was received in silence.

"We have a wireless from Seattle," the man continued, addressing the crowd in general, "saying that a towing company lost a scow loaded with lumber



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Coming—An animal story by popular Emma-Lindsay Squier

in the storm. They are offering the finder the usual half-value as salvage."

There was still no reply from the crowd, but they turned as one body and looked at John seated on the scow with his gun across his knees. The man turned also and for the first time saw the Indian on guard. He walked across the narrow dock toward the Siwash. John stood up, his gun ready for immediate action, his eyes immovably on the stranger.

"Did you pick up that scow?" he questioned. The Indian made no reply, but grasped his gun tighter.

"It's yours, if you did, and the towing company will give you many bucks for it. Where did you find it?"

"On Island."

"Destruction Island."

"Hum."

"Very well, I'll go to Mora and wire the company to send the money." With which the efficient representative of the United States Government went back into his neat little launch, untied the mooring rope, and chugged merrily out of sight.

The village was literally struck dumb. They knew scows of this size were valued at eight or ten thousand dollars when new, although they could only guess at its value in the present somewhat battered condition. And here the old Siwash John had picked up what was to that little fishing village a small fortune! They saw reason for John's rifle now.

Marion hurried back to her father's house, her thoughts flying faster than her feet. So that was why John had gone away! He had gone after the scow which he had known would bring a reward. Now he could build a decent house for Sal and the papoose so that they needn't live in such a squalid place. He ought to save something, too, so that the boy could have a good schooling.

Late the next afternoon she saw a strange motorboat entering the river. She at once left her house and ran down to the dock where the village was already beginning to congregate. John was still on guard, his rifle ready for instant action if it should be necessary. The villagers were respectful toward the gun and the Siwash.

The strange boat had an interested audience when it tied to the dock, and the two men stepped out of the boat apparently into the midst of the village.

"We're from the towing company that lost a scow," one of the men announced. "The Coast Guard wired that a Siwash had found it."

"John, there," someone answered, pointing to the Indian and his gun.

"Did you find this?" the man asked John.

"Hm."

"Any name on it?"

John pointed to the now almost indecipherable name on the side.

"That's ours all right," the second man said.

"What'll we give him?" the first questioned his companion in an undertone.

"The thing's pretty well battered up," was the thoughtful reply. "Let's see, she was worth easily five thousand when she left port, say twenty-five hundred now, and we've got to tow her back. Give him a thousand."

"We'll give you a thousand bucks for it, John," the first man said turning to the Indian.

"She worth three thousand," John replied grimly.

"Three thousand!" indignantly. "She isn't worth a cent over a thousand."

"Then I keep her," and John balanced himself firmly on the scow and held his gun up significantly.

The two men looked at each other.

"Damn," said one of them. "We can't stay here and fight with this village."

"See here, John," he said in a friendly tone, turning to the Indian, "we can't waste any more time on this. We'll give you fifteen hundred."

"Three thousand," was the stubborn reply.

"Then keep it," and the men walked toward their own boat. John looked worried.

"When you give me the fifteen hundred?" he called after them.

"Now," the men answered.

"All right," John conceded.

The men went back to John on the scow. One of them drew a paper from his pocket, asked John a few questions, wrote on the paper, and then handed it to John. The Indian looked at it with disgust.

"No good," and he threw it in the direction of the water.

"Here, you," the man exclaimed angrily as he caught the paper in the air. "What do you mean? It's perfectly good. It's a draft of our company on the largest bank in this part of the country."

A man stepped out from the village crowd and came over to them. It was Marion's father. "What's the trouble, John?" he asked kindly of the indignant Indian.

"He say he give me fifteen hundred bucks for scow. He give me piece paper."

Ed took the paper from the now thoroughly angry white man and examined it. "That's just as good, John. You can take it to Mora and the bank will give you fifteen hundred bucks for it, but these men couldn't carry that much all the way up here or they would run a big risk of being robbed. You take this, John, and you will be all right."

"Hm," John grunted doubtfully, but nevertheless seemed to think more favorably of the paper. "I take it. You take scow," he said to the men as he climbed on the dock.

"Oh, John, I'm so glad," Marion exclaimed as soon as she had a chance to talk to him. "Now you can build a better house for Sal and the boy, and, John," earnestly, "you must save at least half of it for the boy's education. You take eight hundred of it, John, and buy Liberty Bonds, then by the time he wants to go to college it will be,"

(Continued on next page)

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let's see, almost fifteen hundred dollars."

"Fifteen hundred?" John exclaimed. Dollars in lots of fifteen hundred seemed altogether too numerous today.

"Yes, will you do it?" eagerly.

"Hm," was the reply, and John walked on as the girl turned in at her gate.

"Hm," she repeated mockingly. "Those Indians are the limit."

That evening the girl and her father were on their porch enjoying the warm autumn air, when they saw a tall, stooped figure coming up the path to their house.

"Good evening, John," Ed greeted him. "How's the millionaire of the Quillaute?"

"Evening," John replied as he sat down on the step.

"Is the papoose all right?" Marion questioned.

"Hm, he all well now."

A short silence fell on the three. Then John stood up restlessly. "You go to school." He laid a piece of paper on Marion's lap and walked rapidly away.

"John, no!" she called after him when she had time to realize what he had done. But John walked silently on.

"He doesn't realize what he is doing," declared Marion. "John must keep this for himself and Sal and the boy."

"Yes, he ought to keep it," Ed agreed. "Come, we'll take it back now."

They found John and Sal sitting in front of their hut. Over and over, Marion's father, then Marion protested and explained what he could do for himself with the money. They found the old Indian as immovable as the over-hanging rocky cliffs.

"Girl find scow when go doctor," he stated.

"Then it was my scow, after all!" cried Marion. "But that makes no difference, John," she quickly added.

"I didn't go after it and get it."

"Marion go school," reiterated the Indian, and folding his arms, he gazed straight before him.

"But, John," Marion objected, "it isn't right. Your boy will want to go to school himself, when he grows up."

"You go school, then teach boy," was John's happy solution of the problem. "I get another scow," he added hopefully.

Marion looked thoughtfully at her father. "I tell you what we might do, dad," she said slowly. "We might take part of the money to give us a start in Seattle, until you can find some work. We needn't take any more than is necessary and we can save the rest for John, at the same time. We can pay him back, too, later on."

"That's so," replied Ed with a happier smile than he had had for months. Then, with a sudden inspiration, "And we can let them live in our home, here, while we are away. Then we can come back to visit summer times."

"All right, John, we'll do it!" shouted Marion, joyfully.

"Hm," was John's comment.

A fascinating new game—next month



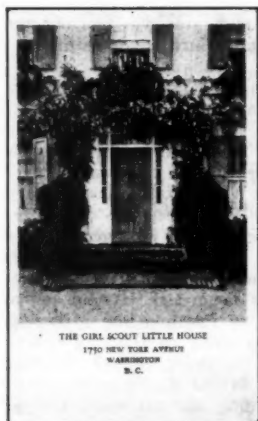
Jessie Gillespie silhouette
Printed in black



Jessie Gillespie silhouette
Printed in black



Jessie Gillespie silhouette
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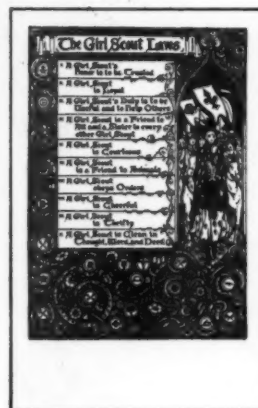


"Little House" (doorway)
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The cards listed on this page may be bought at authorized department store equipment agents, from Girl Scout shops, or from

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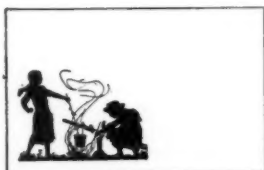
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'Fraid Cat

(Continued from page 18)

Helen darted into the driver's seat and tried to start the engine. Locked! Swiftly she jumped from the car. Glancing down the street, she seemed suddenly to know just what to do. The drug store!

As she ran toward it, she drew from her pocket the nickel which she had ready for her trolley fare. Dashing into the quiet store, ignoring the solitary clerk who put out an inquiring head through a back room door, she rushed into the telephone booth and a moment later was pouring her breathless tale into understanding ears at Police Headquarters.

"Down Kilduff Street, just beyond the corner of Maybeck and Kilduff," Helen heard herself repeating, the street sign distinct in her memory.

"Right, we'll send motor cycles right away, Miss Ross," assured a confident voice. "But keep the car there."

When Helen emerged from the telephone booth, the drug store clerk was still in the back office, noisily putting bottles in order. It did not occur to Helen to summon him to her aid. Nor did she think to raise an outcry on the street, to bring to her the two pedestrians in the distance.

Holding the car until the police arrived seemed her own job and hers alone. So back she dashed to the car which was still standing as she had left it. With no hesitation she once more climbed into the driver's seat. Would Royal Forbes-Hawkes arrive first or would the police?

There was an immediate answer to the question. The door of the apartment opened and a nicely dressed young couple precipitated themselves down the stairs. They were laden with suit cases and, in the first rush of their departure, failed to notice the intruder in their car.

Helen's heart set up a queer thumping. But even in her excitement, a quick conviction gripped her. *She had seen this young man somewhere before.*

Angry-faced, he jerked open the door and demanded fiercely, "What are you doing in my car? Kindly step out. And hurry."

"I won't," declared Helen.

He gripped her arm with fingers that bruised and tried to drag her from her seat. Helen clung desperately to the steering wheel.

"It's my father's car," she shouted.

The woman's shrill voice rose in protest. "She's crazy. The gall! Pull her out, Roy."

"Be quiet!" commanded the young man in a tense voice. Then he tugged savagely at Helen's arm until her hold on the wheel was almost wrenched loose.

"Help!" the word tore half through her mouth but the man's hand instantly silenced her.

"We can't lose time this way," the woman wept, hysterically. "I'll teach her. Start the car before we attract attention. We can throw her out later. Oh, I told you, you were a fool to wait. . . ."

A boarding school girl is our new serial's heroine

Outlines for Helen blurred, then blackened. She could feel herself slipping along the seat as a bulky frame shoved into the driver's seat. What was happening? Why was it growing so dark? What an empty-headed simpleton she had been not to cry for help while she could! . . . Where had she seen this man before? . . . Why didn't the police. . .

Royal Forbes-Hawkes had just succeeded in starting his engine when two motor cycles cut around the corner and drew up, short, alongside the blue sedan.

"One minute, please!" commanded a deep voice.

"Just in time, I'll say," added another officer, his eyes upon Helen's limp form.

"Do you know who I am?" blustered the man. "I am Royal Forbes-Hawkes and I was putting this intruder out of my car. I had every right to use force to defend my own property."

"Tell it in court," said the officer, pleasantly. "And, meanwhile, take this car down to that drug store, on the next corner."

When Helen opened her eyes, she found herself lying on a bench in the drug store, a coat bundled under her head for a pillow. The anxious clerk was hovering about with the first aid remedies, declaring, "If I'd a stayed out here while she was telephoning, I'd a took in what she was up to. But I was out back, fixing a shipment of bottles the boss just got in."

"Here she comes!" cried the police officer bending over Helen, relief sweeping across his rotund countenance.

Helen's beseeching inquiry struggled out. "Did they get the car?"

The police officer grinned. "They did not! They—"

Helen sighed in relief and closed her eyes again. She was so tired. Her legs felt heavy, as though she would never again be able to lift them. And she wished she were home.

"Your father will be here in a few moments, Miss Ross. Just take it comfortable, now," said the officer.

The face of Royal Forbes-Hawkes persisted before Helen's closed eyes. Where had she seen him before? Where?

Chugh-chugh-chugh-chugh — with a hint of a rattle and a cough in the chugh! Helen sat erect, her tiredness gone. The roadster and her father!

Into the drug store trooped the three of them—Mr. and Mrs. Ross and Harold.

Without a word, Mrs. Ross drew Helen's head against her coat and held her tightly.

"Some 'fraid cat, you are," commented Harold, who in answering the telephone call from Police Headquarters had extracted the entire story before he had carried the news to his mother!

Helen looked up into her father's grave eyes. She knew what was in his mind.

"You're thinking I was a simpleton, dad," she said, "not to call for help. I just didn't think, I—"

(Continued on page 45)



Wash Your Uniforms This Way—

WASH your uniforms with any soap you know to be pure. Official Girl Scout khaki is fast to light and proper laundry methods. Do not use impure soaps that contain free alkali or bleaching agents. Do not wash your uniforms with a brush. Treat them as you would other colored clothes. Do not boil them. If you must send them to a laundry,

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670 Lexington Avenue,
New York City.

Lucky Penny

(Continued from page 28)

and visit me for a while. But I'm afraid it wouldn't settle the trouble. You see, I must have somebody to kill burglars, and everything like that—and could you do those things?"

Lisbeth was rather crestfallen, but cheered to think of the promised visit. She was almost ready, too, to be enrolled as a sure-enough Brownie. (Only she would call it "unrolled" and Penny wondered what the child thought they were going to do to her.

All these plans were very nice, and Penny appreciated everybody's taking so much interest,—but she kept on living in the little house, and Miss Lorimer—who had no new case—stayed with her. Penny did rather live in fear of the day when the nurse should get a patient, and leave. Then, suddenly, a further cloud—and a very black one—darkened Penny's horizon. Madge's father was a lawyer, and Penny had turned Granny's affairs over to him, cheerfully confident that she would not have to think of them again. But Mr. Nelson summoned her to his office.

"Penelope," he said, "this is serious news for you. Did you know that your grandmother's money came from an annuity which stops now at her death? Your own little inheritance from your father is hardly enough to live on,—no, *not* enough. My dear girl, you've been putting up a very game fight, but you'll have to give in. Everybody's ready to help you."

Penny bit her lip, but her head went up. Mr. Nelson went on, "You must send that baby to an institution, first—"

"I'll go to work," Penny said steadily, "at something—I don't care what. But I won't give up May till I have to."

"My dear Penelope!" said Mr. Nelson, tilting back his office chair in amazement. "May I ask *what* you consider 'have to'?"

But Penny was gone, walking fiercely through the hot streets.

"I won't take their money!" she said. "There's enough still to pay the doctor; I don't know about Miss Lorimer . . . no, there's not enough. And food, every day . . . and things for May. What sort of work could I do? Would they let me? I'm pretty young, I suppose. I might help Lisbeth's mother with those everlasting manuscripts. Though she doesn't make enough, goodness knows, to keep the two of them . . ."

Black, indeed, was the future. Penny waited for a little while beside her gatepost, that she might enter the house with no sign of tears about her.

What could Penny possibly do with two mysteries and a deadly certainty on her hands—May, a mystery—Miss Lorimer, a mystery—and certainly no money! Is a sudden change looming in the distance? Next month tells.

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In October—the story of ravenous wolves and a daring girl



Prize Winners

in our Homemakers' Contest

Every one in THE AMERICAN GIRL office has been delighted with the returns in our Homemakers' Contest. Your answers to the questions gave us the best possible picture of your homes. We feel we know you so much better—and that we can make THE AMERICAN GIRL better because you have helped us.

Miss Gertrude M. Barnes, Chairman of the Judges' Committee, announces the following as those girls whose answers were best:

- 1ST. PRIZE: Isabella Watters, Troop 16, East Orange, N. J.
 2ND PRIZE: Catherine Louise Cartledge, Troop 3, Redlands, Calif.
 3RD PRIZE: Agnes Allison Pearson, Troop 4, Detroit, Mich.
 4TH PRIZE: Margaret W. Barnes, Troop 1, Waltham, Mass.
 5TH PRIZE: Kathryn McClure, Holly Troop 1, Galesburg, Ill.

And your homemaking suggestions are splendid! Isabella Watters has given us a Homemakers' calendar suited to each month in the year. Catherine Cartledge suggests such a clever title for an article, "Out of the Scrap Bag." She suggests, too, an idea upon which our naturalist, Dr. Cady, is working—"Pets." Every one who sent in answers, in fact, gave such thoughtful suggestions that we can scarcely wait to start our Homemakers' Corner in the magazine.

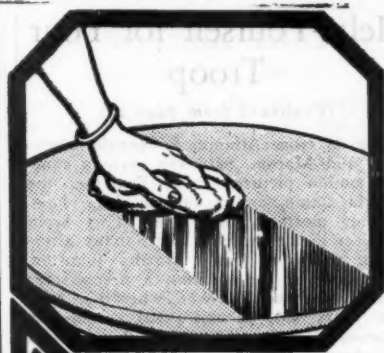
Thank you again for your replies. More came in for this contest than for any other ever held by the magazine.

HELEN FERRIS, Editor.

Stunts

(Continued from page 19)

If you wish further suggestions for your circus, you will find them in: *Suggestions for an Amateur Circus*, price 15c, Playground and Recreation Association of America, 315 Fourth Ave., New York City; *Sorepaw and Fells Circus* by Margaret S. Bridge, price 35c, Eldridge Entertainment House, Franklin, Ohio; *A Circus* by Helen Durham, price 75c, the Woman's Press, 600 Lexington Ave., New York City. And here is good news for your dramatic committee! You may have free a bulletin filled with ideas and suggestions for stunts if you will write, saying you are a Girl Scout, to the Playground and Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Ave., New York City. Tell them you wish their bulletin entitled, *Dramatics in Camp*.



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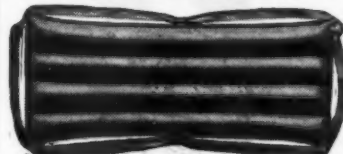
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OUTING CUSHIONS of a hundred uses



Utility Cushion makes a comfortable, cool, dry seat out of a hard, hot or wet one and a dependable life preserver in an accident. Bends "U" shape or right angle for seat and back in canoe, motor boat, porch swing, auto, hammock, toboggan or baby crib. Fully guaranteed.

Sitesy Cushion AIRUBBER

All Purposes



brings comfort to aching bones on stool, chair, boat seat, bleachers or anywhere a cool, dry seat is wanted. Slip it in your pocket and take it anywhere. Made in many colors and materials.

Write for OUR NEW CATALOG of Practical Air Goods That Make Outdoor Life Safe, Comfortable and Pleasurable.

AIRUBBER CORPORATION
510 W. Illinois St. CHICAGO, ILL.
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GIRLS EARN MONEY

Under approval of Captain Selling

Highest Grade Assorted 5c CHOCOLATE COVERED BARS

Offer good east of Mississippi River, north of Georgia. 14 Varieties. 30 days to pay. Mail coupon.

L. E. AUSTIN
801 West 110th St.
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Please send information regarding your money earning plan for societies, etc.

Name

Street

City and State



The Finishing Touch to the Uniform—the Neckerchief

HOW that touch of gay color does relieve the khaki! Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, khaki, pale yellow, cardinal, black and yellow—tied in a neat four-in-hand and set off with the golden trefoil pinned in the knot, a Girl Scout is truly uniformed.

Our neckerchiefs are of best mercerized cotton, embroidered with the official trefoil seal, only 45c.

On Sale by

Girl Scouts, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave. New York City

A houseparty starts our new serial

Rangeley Moccasins



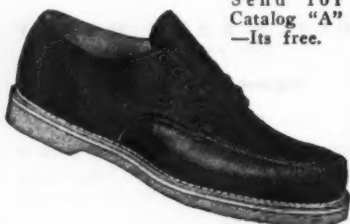
For Camping

Girls who want real foot happiness this summer will wear True Rangeley Moccasins.

Designed after the original Indian footwear, they are lighter, more flexible and more comfortable than the ordinary shoes, and besides are mighty good looking.

It will pay you to make sure that the moccasins you buy are *True Moccasins*—not ordinary shoes made to look like Moccasins.

Our catalog A tells you how to tell the difference and shows the many attractive Rangeley styles.



G. H. BASS & CO.
WILTON, MAINE

Send for
Catalog "A"
—Its free.

It's Easy to Raise Money for GIRL SCOUT WORK with OSBORNE BENEFIT PENCILS

An original Money Raising Plan for Girl Scout Troops.

Look over our page advertisement in previous issues, or write us for full particulars, with samples of pencils, etc.

THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY CO.
CAMDEN, NEW YORK

Help Yourself for Your Troop

(Continued from page 24)

the girls from Atlanta, Savannah, Gadsden, and Macon. Saturday evening came the motion pictures from Foxlease, the World Camp, and a talk by Mrs. Low. Sunday morning, there were Girl Scout services in the churches and Sunday afternoon, a trip to Camp Martha Johnston.

"In one of the sessions, a pretty story was told of two girls who, when they were ten years old, became Girl Scouts in Macon, Georgia. They used then to talk together of the hoped-for day when they both should become Golden Eaglets. But one of them moved from Macon. However, she continued her Girl Scouting in her new home, as did the other girl in Macon. And on May second, at this Girl Scout Convention, the two Girl Scouts, Helen Ross and Robertine McClendon, stood again side by side and received their Golden Eaglet badges from the hand of Mrs. Juliette Low herself. A picture of Helen and Roberta with Mrs. Low, will be published in the October issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

"The Convention 'of the girls, for the girls, by the girls' was a success in every detail, as each girl on each committee met her responsibility with efficiency instead of excuses. The Girl Scouts of Savannah extended an invitation to the girls for next spring's convention and it was accepted."

Mrs. Low received as a souvenir of the convention a Founder's Song, written by Marion Johnson of Macon and sung to the tune of *America, the Beautiful*:

*O Juliette Low, O Juliette Low
We sing to you today,
May Scouting grow through all the land
As you have shown the way!
O may we live up to our law
And keep our standards true,
May we the joy of service know
With each good turn we do!*

*O Juliette Low, O Juliette Low,
Oh, "be prepared" we must,
To meet life's problems Scoutingly
As you have planned for us!
O may we grow from Tenderfoots
To Golden Eaglets strong
And loyal Scouts o'er all the land
Give praise to you in song!*

Bridgit Comes Home

(Continued from page 16)

There was a long silence, then Mrs. McShane turned to her daughter. "Bridgit," she said, and her voice wasn't quite steady, "is this the surprise?"

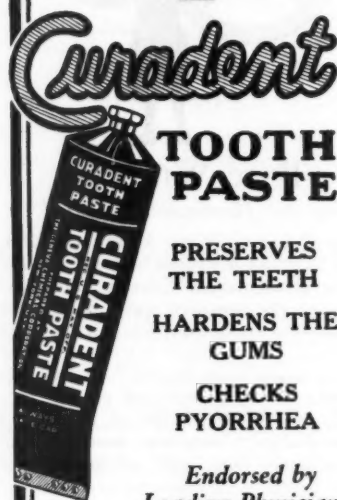
Bridgit nodded. Then it was Mrs. McShane who did the hugging. "How did you ever think of it?" she asked after a moment. "It doesn't seem possible you could do such a thing."

Bridgit pushed her into the canvas chair and sat down beside her on the folded blanket. "You sit right here, mother," she replied, "and I'll tell you."

Mrs. McShane, like Mr. Richards, seemed to find nothing strange in the story of the Shad bush. And when Bridgit finished, for a long time they sat in silence, watching the daylight fade and the stars come out, one by one.

GIRL SCOUTS!

Protect your teeth
with



**TOOTH
PASTE**

**PRESERVES
THE TEETH**

**HARDENS THE
GUMS**

**CHECKS
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*Endorsed by
Leading Physicians
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GENEVA CHEMICAL CORPORATION
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Baco BATIK Dyes

Packed in 2-ounce tins—Shipped Parcel Post. A wide assortment of highly concentrated colors covering every requirement. Used generally by artists and commercial houses. Write for list with prices.

BACHMEIER & COMPANY,
Inc.

450 West 37th Street
New York City
Department 10.

Fifth National Training School

For Girl Scout Leaders

CAMP TALL TREES, MEDIA, PA.

September 2nd to 16th

MISS GWEN E. MARTIN—Chief

Troop Management, Over-night camping and trailing—Miss Martin and Miss Mary A. H. Ogilvie, Canadian Guider.
Special Training for Brown Owls—Stories, games, and ceremonies—Miss Julia W. Williamson.

Tuition and Board \$12.00 per week.

For further information apply to
MRS. B. M. SWARTZMAN, 311 SOUTH
JUNIPER STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Don't miss the end of "Lucky Penny"



A Crisp, Light Lunch for 2¹/₂c

The cup that makes children love their milk; makes them eat their milk and never tire of it. If you buy milk in bulk instead of half pint bottles, the cost of the cups is absorbed by the difference in price and the child will get twice the nutritious value. Whole wheat, deep in used, and after baking to a delicious crispness, the cup is lined with a thin coating of pure chocolate. This, flavor combined with the milk makes a delicious and nourishing light lunch.

SOLVES THE MILK PROBLEM

KRACKER-KUP

The Cup You Eat



In many schools the Kracker-Kup full of milk is sold to the pupils for 5c or 6c each. In this way they can be made to pay for themselves with benefit to all.

To schools and boards of education we make a special price of \$3.00 per gross delivered. On account of the scientific packing required we CAN SHIP THE CUPS ONLY IN GROSS LOTS.

Use the Coupon Below

THE TAKAMINE BAMBOO HANDLE TOOTH BRUSH

Costs Only 5c

Here is a practical, economical tooth brush, scientifically correct, that is being used in thousands of schools in oral hygiene work. They are endorsed and recommended by many of our leading educators. The bristles are the best procurable and they stay in.

This brush is designed to reach and thoroughly clean every tooth in the mouth. Seven (7) dollars per gross delivered in gross lots, of 5c each in less than gross lots. If you wish to order less than gross lots the cost will be 5c each plus postage (see table below).

TAKAMINE CORPORATION
120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



Quantity	Price per Unit	Total Price
1 Gross (144)	\$3.00	\$3.00
1/2 Gross (72)	\$6.00	\$6.00
1/4 Gross (36)	\$12.00	\$12.00
1/8 Gross (18)	\$24.00	\$24.00
1/16 Gross (9)	\$48.00	\$48.00

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"Quick!" says Gladima.
"Renew!"

Motion Pictures

For Your Home or Camp

Our past ten years of actual experience in arranging entertainments for clubs, schools, camps, churches and other organizations, guarantees for you a service unequalled in New England.

Equipment & Operators Furnished

WHOLESOME FILMS SERVICE, INC.

Specialists in Selected Motion Pictures

42 Melrose St., Boston

Tel. Bea 0217

The Lame Duck

(Continued from page 34)

put an arm across Nelia's quivering shoulders. "Why," she began, her eyes on the others, "wait for sunset?" And without further debate, they packed up and ran to the cars.

At the house, Nelia captained her team. Linda was to cut piles of snowy bread; Peter was detailed to carve two cold roasted chickens.

Nelia flew between refrigerator room and kitchen with crisp celery, olives, chilled boiled eggs and a bowl of mayonnaise.

"Oh, gorgeous!" observed Linda. "Isn't this like old times?" she called to the girls who were lengthening and setting the dining room table. "Nelia, you were inspired. Observe those cakes."

"And there's a big freezer of ice cream, too," Nelia said demurely.

Peter followed her out of the room. "Well," he said, looking down at her. "Do you think they suspect, Peter?"

"Not a chance."

"Peter, you'll think rescuing me has become a habit."

Just as the coffee was done, Doctor Fell drove up. "I feel old," he thought, "as perhaps is natural on my fifty-sixth birthday."

He climbed out of his car. Heavily. He missed Natalie and the youth with which she surrounded him. He sighed. He was not succeeding with Nelia. He opened the door and a dozen young voices were lifted in greeting.

He set down his bag abruptly. "What's this?" he demanded, his voice husky. "Is Natalie back?"

Nelia detached herself from the crowd, flew to him and, raising herself on tiptoe, she planted a kiss on the end of his chin.

"No," she answered, "Natalie isn't back." And then, for his ears alone, "but Nelia has arrived."

'Fraid Cat

(Continued from page 41)

"My daughter is worth more than any car," Mr. Ross was replying. "Just remember that, Helen, always, when—"

"The insurance man!" Helen cried, excitedly. "Mr. Morrison's assistant!"

Mrs. Ross looked anxious. "There, there, daughter," she soothed. "We'll go straight home and have a good rest."

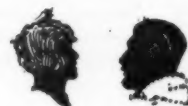
"I'm not sick, mother," insisted Helen, springing to her feet. "It's true, father. Royal Forbes-Hawkes is the young man who didn't take out your insurance papers."

"What does she mean?" inquired the officer with interest.

Mr. Ross explained. "She's prob'ly right, at that," commented the officer. "If the young lady feels strong enough, we'd better all go over to Headquarters, now."

"I'm strong enough," declared Helen.

As they started for the door, in Harold's eyes a new respect dawned. "And a detective, to boot," he admitted.



Vanished— a bracelet!

At a houseparty of boys and girls.

Can you imagine the excitement, when they are all in the room at the time? When they saw Aunt Augusta remove it as she poured the tea? And then it was gone!

This is the start of the mystery

which is

Our Next Serial

beginning in

OCTOBER

There is *Jane Dyke*

A Senior at Miss Burke's School who decides to play amateur detective and solve the puzzle.

But—

And there is Paul Waul

who keeps a sharp eye out for Jane's strange actions and who—But wait!

It's a real aetective story

Written for

THE AMERICAN GIRL

by

Ethel Cook Eliot

the popular author of

"The Vanishing Comrade"

Yes, more stories than ever before—coming!



Show Your Badge

Show your badge—whether it's a bird, tree, flower finder, or home service emblem. It will tell your friends a story of your perseverance and faithfulness.

Girl Scout Badges, made by the largest makers of emblems in the world, are things of beauty.

Sold only through

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT

670 Lexington Avenue

New York, N. Y.

Are you a
Flower Finder?
Bird Finder?
Tree Finder?

Earn these badges
this summer



Girl Scouts everywhere are taking delight in winning nature badges with the help of the new nature projects prepared by Dr. Bertha Chapman Cady, our Girl Scout naturalist. The note book gives the full requirements for the Bird Finder, Tree Finder, and Flower Finder badges, contains also note sheets of questions and answers for nature observations as well as abundant charts for coloring.

Prices

Three projects complete with cover.....	\$1.50
Projects separate, each.....	.40
Cover, leather, lettered in gold.....	.50

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT

Girl Scouts, Inc., 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Stars of a Summer Night

(Continued from page 22)

haps this seems a difficult task to you—as you gaze about the night sky and see the innumerable stars twinkling there. You will not find it difficult, however, if you follow the suggestions in our leaflet. My first suggestion is to take plenty of time to start in the right way. If you will follow the directions and read everything that is said in the leaflet, you will find nothing difficult, and you can, if necessary, do all the work required of you in two weeks of earnest effort. It would be better, however, to take one month more. As a matter of fact, it will take you no longer to get acquainted with the star fields that it would to find your way about a strange city. During your first evening with the stars, draw a plan of the first magnitude stars on the floor or on the ground and then try to remember the plan. You will then be able to "pick them up" in the sky in a few minutes.

If you must do your observing in a city, you may have to be very patient. The lights of the city are apt to dim or blot out all but the first and second magnitude stars. Remember to begin your "star-gazing" late in the evening and then go out a little earlier each succeeding evening so that you may have the same field to study.

As you start upon your observing, as you look up into the heavens, imagine yourself living in the ancient world, looking out upon the stars as the ancients did. What can explain the movements of these luminous bodies? The entire stirring story may be yours, a story it has taken men hundreds of years to learn, but a story which has never been put aside for a single year because of the living beauty and the help which a growing knowledge of the stars has brought to us.

And don't forget to tell your Captain or Camp Counselor that she may obtain special star question sheets if she desires them from the National Equipment Department.

Buried Treasure

(Continued from page 13)

Flag, hoisted on the Pirates' Lookout.

By this time the Serpents, Toads, Spiders, and Bones had arrived, each from a different way, and soon they were all congregated on the top of the mountain, overlooking Arden and the lakes nearby. The ferocious pirates proved to be the kindly Junior Counselors, who after a picnic lunch invited the Girl Scouts to toast their treasure over a campfire on the Lookout rock, entertaining them with a pirate song and dance. After a few more songs a prize—a tiny "Chest O'Gold"—was presented to each member of the troop which had most cleverly and accurately followed its directions, and then the entire party started down the home trail to camp, vowing that if all treasure hunts were as jolly as this, they would feign have been Pirates in the olden days.

Watch for our big contest next month



The Way in Scoutville

In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store — where a special department awaits you.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.
BROOKLYN

Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

Samter Bros. Co.
Scranton, Pa.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.
7th Street, at F Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C.



This Lion Won a Prize

THE Prize in our contest "What I Can Make with My Knife" has been won by Dorothy Sinz, age 15, Troop 1, Dallas, Texas. She is the creator of the lion shown at the head of this column.

It was difficult to choose a winner from Dorothy's letter because she sent in five excellent designs for knife handicraft. More of these, as well as the ideas of other contestants, will be printed in this column as space permits. Other contestants receiving honorable mention are:

MARION S. BROWN, 19 Rockwood Avenue, Baldwin, L. I.

MILDRED SINGER, 123 North 6th Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.

NANCY ALLEN, 35 Charles Field St., Providence, R. I.

The official knife of the Girl Scouts has been awarded to Dorothy Sinz as a prize in this contest. Below you will find her directions for making the lion.

What I Can Make with My Knife

An attractive symbol for your totem pole at camp can be made very easily with your Girl Scout knife. Take a cigar box and cut it apart, sandpapering the pieces smooth. Then sketch as well as you can the animal which represents your patrol. The cutting must be done very carefully as the outline makes many different angles with the wood, which splits easily. Use a cord for the tail and glue it to the animal. Make the legs and feet separately. Place the two fore legs or the two hind legs in position on either side of the body piece, and drive through them a short wire nail, a very little longer than is necessary to go through the three thicknesses of wood. Then rest the head of the nail on a piece of iron and hammer the point, forming a little rivet to pivot the legs. The feet are fastened on in the same way. You can draw the eyes and the outlines on the animals with charcoal or a black crayon.

Order your Girl Scout knife from the NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPT., 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City, or from your local department store equipment agent.



Foot, fore leg and hind leg

Official Girl Scout Store of Minneapolis

Dayton's specializes in all Juvenile needs in the Children's Own Store—2nd Floor.

The Dayton Company

Jordan Marsh Company

Official Headquarters
in
Boston
for Scout Apparel
and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment is located on the Third Floor, Main Store.

Cincinnati Headquarters for Girl Scouts

This big, bright, beautiful store is official headquarters for the Girl Scouts in Cincinnati. All your official requirements very readily taken care of on the second floor of Cincinnati's Greatest Sporting Goods Store

The
Bolles-Brendamour
Co.
130-135 E. Sixth St.

The Golden Rule

Official Headquarters in
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Girl Scouts of Orange County
For That New Uniform
Or Other Equipment
Go to STERN'S
NEWBURG, NEW YORK

Patronize the equipment agent in your town

Revised Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective August 1, 1925



Uniforms

	Size	Price		Size	Price		Size	Price
Long Coat	10-18	\$3.65	Hats, <i>Officer's</i>	7-8	\$4.00	Black Silk		\$2.00
	38-42	4.15	Hats, <i>Scout</i>	6½-8	1.60	Green Silk		2.00
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.70	Web Belt	28-38	.65	Waterproof Coats, <i>sizes</i>	10-20	8.00
	38-42	5.20		40-46	.75	<i>sizes</i>	40-42	9.50
Skirt	10-42	2.10	Leather for officers.....	28-38	2.75	Sweaters—Brown and Green		
Bloomers	10-42	1.85		40-46	3.00	Heather—		
Knickers	10-42	2.15	Neckerchiefs, <i>each</i>		0.45	Coat Model, <i>sizes</i>	32-40	8.00
Middy— <i>Official khaki</i> ..	10-40	1.75	<i>Colors: Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, cardinal, black, and yellow.</i>			Slip over model, <i>sizes</i> ..	32-40	7.00
Norfolk Suits— <i>Officer's:</i>								
<i>Khaki, Light weight</i>	34-42	7.25						
<i>Khaki, heavy weight</i>	34-42	15.00						
<i>Serac</i>	34-42	38.00						

Badges

x Attendance Stars		x * Life Saving Crosses		x Second Class Badge.....	\$0.50
Gold	\$0.30	Silver	\$1.75	x * Thanks Badge	
Silver15	Bronze	1.50	Heavy gold plate with bar..	3.00
x First Class Badge.....	.25	x * Medal of Merit.....	1.00	Gold Plate Pins.....	.75
x Flower Crests15	x Proficiency Badges15	Silver Plate75

Pins

x Brownie	\$0.35	x Lapels—G. S.—Bronze.....	\$0.50	New plain type.....	\$0.15
x Committee75	x Tenderfoot Pins		Old style plain pin.....	on
x * Community Service35	10K Gold (safety catch)....	3.00	Midget gold filled50
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50	Gold Filled (safety catch)..	0.75	x Worn by officers or Scouts	
				when not in uniform	

Insignia

x Armband	\$0.15	x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	\$0.30	x Lapels—G. S., for Scouts....	\$0.30
x Corporal Chevron10	x Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)50	x Patrol Leader's Chevron....	.15

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05	Girl Scout Songs.....		Oh, Beautiful Country.....	\$0.05
Are You There.....	.10	<i>Vocal Booklet</i>	\$0.10	On the Trail:	
Enrollment10	<i>Piano Edition</i>30	<i>Piano edition</i>60
Everybody Ought to be a Scout15	Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04	<i>Midget Size</i>05
First National Training School25	<i>Lots of 10 or more</i>03	<i>Lots of 10 or more</i>02
Girl Guide60	Goodnight15	Onward15
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15	Hiking On30	To America25
Girl Scout Song Book.....	.50			Be Prepared, <i>Girl Guide Song</i>35

Flags

<i>American Flags</i>			(x) Troop Flags					Semaphore Flags (extra), per pair	Price75
Size	Material	Price	Size	Material	Price	Lettering			
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.80	2x3 ft.	Wool..	\$2.60	10c per letter			
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.60	2½x4 ft.	Wool..	4.20	15c " "		(x) Troop Pennants	
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.60	3x5 ft.	Wool..	5.75	20c " "		Lettered with any Troop No..	\$1.50
			4x6 ft.	Wool..	8.50	20c " "			
							Price	Staffs	
			Flag Set				1.30	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral G. S. Emblem....	\$6.75
			Includes:					1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.	5.00
x G. S. Felt Emblems (separate)			1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed 6-ft. Staff					1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.	3.50
3x4		35c	1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy web carrying case					G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.70
4x5		40c	Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not jointed60		Eagle Emblem—separate.....	2.60
6x7		45c						Spear Emblem—separate.....	1.60
7x10		55c						Flag Carrier	2.60

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices are Postage Paid

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price		Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Patrol System for Girl Guides25	Per dozen	1.00
Brownie Pamphlet15	Plays, each15	Girl Scout Creed (Henry Van Dyke)15
Brownie Report75	In lots of 10 or more, each10	Girl Scout poster (large)30
Blue Book of Rules25	By Mrs. B. O. Edey		Girl Scout poster (small)10
Camping Out, L. H. Weir	2.00	Why They Gave a Show and How		Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
Campward Ho!75	How St. John Came to Ben- cer's School		Producing Amateur Entertain- ments, Helen Ferris	2.50
Camp and Field Notebook Cover50	By Oleda Schrottky		Scout Laws	
Community Service Booklet—		A Pot of Red Geraniums		Poster size50
Each10	Why the Rubbish?		Small size15
Per dozen	1.00	Everybody's Affair		Scout Mastership	1.50
First Aid Book—		By Margaret Mochrie		Troop Management Course75
New Edition	1.05	Magic Gold Pieces		Troop Register (Field Note Book Size)	2.05
Girl Guide Book of Games50	Post Cards—		Additional Sheets	
Ceremonies around the Girl		Set of Six (Silhouette)10	Cash Record	
Scout Year25	1 dozen sets	1.00	(15 sheets)25c. package
Health Record Books, each10	Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken)30	Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.
Per dozen	1.00	Building	3 for .05	Treasurer's Monthly Record	
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover	1.10	Washington Little House (Ex- terior)03	(30 sheets)25c. package
Flexible Cloth Cover80	Washington Little House (Doorway)03	Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.
English Girl Guide75	Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)05	Treasurer's or Scribe's Record	
Home Service Booklet, each10	"A Girl Scout is Cheerful" (By M. E. Price)03	(15 sheets)25c. package
Per dozen	1.00	"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted" (By M. E. Price)03	Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.
Knots, Hitches and Splices55	Posters—		Individual Record	
Life Saving Booklet15	New Building Poster 9 1/4 x 11 1/410	(30 sheets)25c. package
Nature Projects—				Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.
Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with note book cover	1.50			Troop Advancement Record	
Projects, each40				.3c. a sheet
Ye Andree Logge75			Troop Reports	
Pageant—				(30 sheets)25c. package
Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard50			Per sheet (broken pkg.)3c. ea.
Patrol Register, each15				

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.85	1 Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide40	Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11 ..	.55
Belt Hooks, extra05	Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide60	Sun Watch	1.00
Blankets—4-pound Grey	6.50	Knives, No. 1	1.60	Transfer Seals, 2 for05
Bugle	3.75	No. 2	1.05	Trefoil Emblem Stickers (em- bossed in gold)02
Braid—1/4-inch wide, yard10	Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.50	3 for05
x Buttons—Per set25	Mirror—Unbreakable25	12 for15
105—6 L to set—dozen sets ..	2.75	x Patterns—		100 for	1.00
Camp Toilet Kit	2.35	Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42 ..	.15	Thread, Khaki spool15
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Norfolk Suit, 34-4225	Per dozen spools	1.30
Tin	2.00	Poncho (45x72)	3.50	x Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Compass, Plain	1.00	" (60x82)	4.75	Long Coat Uniform70
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50	1 Long Coat Pattern	
Cuts—		10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00	1 Pair Lapels	} Give pattern size
Running Girl	1.00	Rope, 4 ft. by 1/4 in.15	1 Spool of Thread	
Trefoil75	Lots of 5 or more, each10	1 Set of Buttons	
First Aid Kit with Pouch	1.30	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt ..	.50	Two piece Uniform85
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra ..	.50	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75	1 Short Coat Pattern	
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.50	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25	1 Skirt Pattern	} Give pattern size
Flashlights, Small size	1.35	Aluminum Case50	1 Pair Lapels	
Large size	1.70	Girl Scout Stationery55	1 Spool of Thread	
Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem:		Girl Scout Stickers, per dozen ..	.05	1 Set of Buttons	
Linen40			No make-up sets for middies and bloomers.	
Cotton25			Whistles30
Haversacks, No. 1	3.00			Wrist Watch, Radiolite	4.50
No. 2	2.00				
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25				

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Above Prices are Postage Paid



ALONG the EDITOR'S TRAIL

HAVE you ever stopped to wonder who planted the trees on your lawn, on your street, or near your camp? Have you wondered just why he did it and how he came to select that special kind of tree? For some one did—thinking not of himself but of you and the many others who would some time be where you are.

So it is that the Girl Scouts are thinking not so much of themselves but of others when they make their plans for the planting of trees. Many years from now, when Girl Scouts go to Camp Andrée, they will pause beneath beautiful trees and looking up, will say, "These trees were planted by the Girl Scouts who used to camp here. A long time ago—in 1924 and 1925."



And they will be thinking of the Girl Scouts who, with the help of Mrs. Rippin and Mr. Loyster, our Camp Andrée forester, have been busy planting hundreds of adorably small trees. Some of these trees, to be sure, will be sold as Christmas trees when they are grown. This has been part of the plan in setting out so large a number. But others will remain at Camp Andrée as long as they shall live, there to give our National Camp the loveliness and the beauty which only trees can give.

Have you planted a tree? Or has your troop? If you have not, start now making your plans for a tree planting this fall, because autumn is one of the seasons most favorable for the planting of trees. Perhaps you will wish to plant your tree—or trees—in connection with your celebration of Girl Scout Week, late in October. A Tree of Remembrance will be most fittingly planted in honor of Mrs. Juliette Low, our Girl Scout Founder, whose birthday comes on Halloween.

Be sure to write to The American Tree Association. Their certificates will be awarded to every girl or Girl Scout troop planting a tree. Write to them at 1214 16th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., telling them you are a Girl Scout and asking them just what you shall do in order to be awarded the certificate.

What kind of tree shall you plant? That depends! It depends upon the part of the country in which you live. It depends upon the spot where you wish to plant the tree. The best way to decide is to get someone to help you who knows a great deal about trees and par-

ticularly about the trees which best grow in the section where you live. Then you will know your plans have been wisely made and that your tree will grow.

The American Tree Association has published a bulletin which will help you. It is called *Tree Planting Bulletin*, and is filled with suggestions about how to plant trees, besides giving lists of those trees to which various sections of our country are favorable. Send for this bulletin, saying you are a Girl Scout.



Our Girl Scout naturalist, Mrs. Bertha Chapman Cady, suggests that you write to your State Forestry Department for suggestions—that is, if your state has a Forestry Department. These departments are always delighted to know of Girl Scouts who are interested in tree planting, and besides answering your questions, will often present you with tree seedlings which you may set out.



But Girl Scout Week is a long time away, you say? You need not wait until October! Perhaps you may start to work now in re-foresting the land about your camp. Nor is the planting of trees all that we may do for America, the Beautiful. To take care of those that we have is, perhaps, the first step in carrying out our Girl Scout program.

The picture upon this page tells its own story. Some one was careless. A camp fire, a hasty departure, the smouldering sparks—and this hillside, once so lovely, became the barren and desolate place you see.



Courtesy of the U. S. Forestry Service
Some one was careless

Have you ever been in a forest fire? Have you heard the relentless roar of it, felt the smothering heat of it, been almost overwhelmed by the terrible power of it? If you have, there has never afterward been any need to urge you to be careful.

Yes, trees are to be the special charge of the Girl Scouts—the trees that we have, to be cherished and protected—the planting of new trees that, in the coming years, others may enjoy their beauty and that our country may yet more truly be "America the Beautiful."

You, too, Can Have this Equipment

DON'T wait until you have saved enough money from your allowance to afford the equipment you want and need. Earn it *now*. THE AMERICAN GIRL will help you. All you have to do is to secure new yearly subscribers for us. This will be easy because THE AMERICAN GIRL is so very popular. Girls will welcome a magazine of their own, with thrilling stories by their favorite authors, with things to make and do, with athletics pages, puzzles, stunts, and copious Girl Scout news and pictures.

Mothers, too, are excellent prospects for you. They like our magazine and are glad of the opportunity to give their

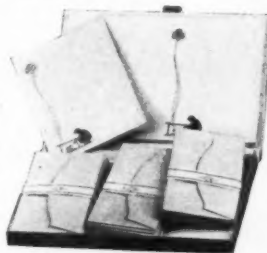
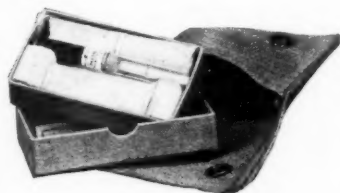
daughters good reading matter. If you know a girl's birthday, go to her mother well in advance of the date and secure a birthday subscription. Show her the charming gift card that goes with a gift subscription. (We will send them to you on request.)

When you have secured a subscription write out plainly the new subscriber's name and address and send it to us, together with her \$1.50 (check or money order). We will keep a record of the subscriptions you secure and will credit them towards any premium you may select.

Stationery

Official Girl Scout Stationery; 24 sheets of excellent quality cream-colored writing paper with envelopes to match. Paper stamped in brown with charming silhouette drawing, featuring trefoil seal. Stationery is attractively boxed. Adds touch of Girl Scouting to your letters.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining two new subscriptions.



First Aid Kit

Guard your friends and family against infection by treating properly their cuts, bruises, scratches, and burns, yourself. You can, if you own an Official First Aid Kit (large size). Black tin box contains tweezers, scissors, safety pins, bandages, gauze, gauze compress, adhesive, iodine applicator and carbolyzed petrolatum. No home, camp or hike should be without one.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining eight new subscriptions.



Sewing Kit

Inspool Sewing Kit, contains pins, self-threading needles, one spool khaki thread, and thimble, which is top of kit when closed.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining one new subscription.

Neckerchief

Brighten up your uniform with a gay neckerchief and get an extra one for a head band. In all wanted colors. (See price list.)

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining two new subscriptions.

Stockings

Stockings of heavy ribbed cotton in brownish color to harmonize with your uniform. A hard wearing, elastic stocking for active outdoor use. Good for summer and winter wear, whenever in uniform. Excellent for gymnasium and athletics. No Girl Scout can have too many pairs.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining two new subscriptions.



Bugle

No troop should be without a bugle. Earn this fine instrument and become bugler for your troop. Bugling is excellent for lung developing, as well as being the best way to sound all calls in camp. Hikers should take along a bugle to recall stragglers or to summon aid. The Girl Scout instrument we are offering is a trumpet model with mouthpiece and chain. Its tone is excellent.

Given to Girl Scouts for obtaining twelve subscriptions.



Choose from this list

	Subscriptions	Money for Them
Nickel Pocket Mirror	1	\$1.50
Whistle	1	1.50
Inspool Sewing Kit	1	1.50
Girl Scout Handkerchief	1	1.50
Girl Scout Stationery	2	3.00
Guard Rope (with ring)	2	3.00
Khaki Colored Stockings	2	3.00
Official Neckerchief	2	3.00
The American Girl	3	4.50
Sunwatch	3	4.50
Troop Pennant	4	6.00
Girl Scout Knife	5	7.50

Choose from this list

	Subscriptions	Money for Them
Handy Flashlight	5	7.50
Ring	5	7.50
Compass (luminous dial)	5	7.50
Girl Scout Axe (with sheath)	6	9.00
First Aid Kit (L. size)	8	12.00
Canteen	8	12.00
Heavy Web Haversack	10	15.00
Handy Mess Kit	10	15.00
Girl Scout Bugle	12	18.00
Poncho (60x82)	15	22.50
Wrist Watch	15	22.50
Blanket	20	30.00

Send all orders to

THE AMERICAN GIRL, Girl Scouts, Inc., 670 Lexington Ave., N. Y. City

MIDDY AND KNEEBAND BLOOMERS

BELOW: Girl Scout middy and knee band bloomer of official khaki. New model that will prove very popular with Girl Scouts. These bloomers, or the plaited ones, form the standard camp uniform—when worn with Girl Scout middy blouse. Smart and trim in cut and finish. Middy and bloomers complete, sizes 10-42, formerly \$4.45, now.....\$3.90



MIDDY AND PLAITED BLOOMERS

ABOVE: Girl Scout middy, comprising with knee band or plaited bloomers, the standard camp uniform. Middy made with long sleeves, patch pockets and sailor collar embroidered with letters "G.S." in square. BLOOMERS plaited into belt. Roomy, and comfortable for walking and camp wear. Middy and bloomers complete. Sizes 10-42, formerly \$4.25, now.....\$3.60

Now—Lower Prices on Camp Uniforms

YOUR standard camp and outdoor uniforms are now lower in price. This is because your National Business Committee wishes every Girl Scout to be able to afford the middy and bloomers as a camp outdoor uniform.

Your middies and bloomers are the same high grade garments as formerly. They are made of official Girl Scout khaki, stamped twice to the yard with the official

trefoil trade mark. They are cut to insure comfort and freedom of movement. They do not soil easily, they launder well. They are durable, practical and low in cost.

Middy and plaited bloomer, formerly \$4.25, now \$3.60
Middy and kneeband bloomer, formerly \$4.45, now \$3.90

Sold by

National Equipment Department, Girl Scouts, Inc.
670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

